

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 2, 1967 40 CENTS

CLASH IN CALIFORNIA: TEXAS vs. USC

93-T-SWING:
ONE THE TROJANS SPRUNG

QB FADES BACK

HULL BACK

A BIG-GAME WEEK WITH USC's JOHN MCKAY





Palucci to Goldstein



to Quinn.

The 64th World Series is about to open. And another long hot season has been written into the record books. And this season, as every season, some of baseball's best combinations were lined up behind bars in the major league stadium clubs.

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Then there was Steady Eddie Goldstein. What hands! He had a string of 127 consecutive ball-

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games without dropping a glass.

And how about young Mike Quinn? He had all the tools. His speed and his knowledge of all the drinks made him Rookie of the Year.

But then all the big league bartenders aren't in the big leagues. Chances are there are some stars in your neighborhood tavern. Drop by and watch them. Ask for Canadian Club, On-the-rocks, with soda, short or tall—you flash the signs.

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are here. Make your move. Then sit back. And
watch your friends watch.

MOVE UP TO CHRYSLER '68

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Next week

THE PSYCHEDELIC DRAMA of baseball, as the extraordinary pennant race finally ends and the Series begins, is portrayed in a colorful photo essay by John G. Zimmerman.

HIGH-RIDING RAMS, still unbroken, come to Dallas to test their newfound strength against the championship-contending Cowboys. Ten Male covers the California invasion.

THE FIRST FRANCHISE for a major league team in the U.S. Northwest, the Seattle SuperSonics of pro basketball, is a big hit in town so far, but the season hasn't opened yet.



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Rubens' paintings on the life of Marie de Médici diplomatically masked truth in allegory to solve the Queen's tender vanity.

while he painted the crowned heads of Europe...

Left: Self-portrait, completed a few years before he died, shows a man secure in position and profession. Revitalized by a new young family, Rubens continued to paint until his death at 63.



One of the artist's rare landscape sketches (top) shows the beloved Flemish countryside that surrounded his peaceful retreat, the Chateau de Steen (bottom).

An exotic mélange of man and animals (left), this picture conveys both power and excitement typical of many Rubens' hunting scenes.



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SCORECARD

DANGEROUS GAME

The special violence of soccer crowds in countries with cultures as dissimilar as those of Brazil and Turkey, Germany and Peru is a mystery that Britain's Minister for Sport is trying to solve with the aid of a psychiatrist. He has his job cut out for him.

It has even happened here—at Yankee Stadium this past summer—in a country where soccer generally does not induce a rapid pulse. Ethnic factors accounted for that one, so be sure, but nothing remotely involving racial or national differences could explain what occurred on a recent Sunday in the city of Kayseri, Turkey during a game between the home team and longtime rivals from nearby Sivas. A disputed goal brought out pistols, knives and broken bottles. Final score: 41 dead, 67 injured among the 30,000 spectators. Two weeks previously, in Bolivia, one spectator was killed and three were injured. A week later, in Afyon, 13 were hurt.

The rumble at Kayseri might be explained as the culmination of an ancient rivalry between the two cities, rather more bitter than that between, say, Harvard and Yale. But it was only the second worst such incident in soccer history, by no means as dreadful as the riot three years ago in Lima, Peru, where more than 300 fans were killed and some 1,000 injured.

Soccer riots are so prevalent that the digging of moats, as at Brasilia's new stadium, is a commonplace protection for players and officials in some countries. In Germany, many soccer clubs have surrounded their playing fields with fences six to eight feet high. But moats and fences are no certain protection. Several years ago in Naples fans used advertising signs to span the moat separating them from the referee and the winning Modena eleven. And it is not unusual for Italian referees to carry pistols.

For all this there are explanations of a sort. Professor Francesco Ferrarini,

Rome University sociologist, holds that the rioting may arise because "the fans are passive." (But spectators at all sports are passive.) "Their frustration when the heroes they identify with are being 'robbed' gives rise to a mob psychology that I think is quite similar to the lynching psychology," he said. "The fan's identification with the hero becomes morbid."

So far, Britain's investigator, Dr. John Harrington, psychiatrist, has detected such peculiarities as signs of "hypnotic trance" and "frightening aggression" in soccer fans, but, he adds, soccer fans in Britain generally get red of their aggressions with bad language.

BETTER THAN A MANGER

During the World Series games to be played in St. Louis, hotel accommodations will be hard to come by in the city and for many miles around.

But there is hope. The Meramec Caverns, 60 miles from Busch Stadium, are available and, it is said, can take care of from 600 to 800 persons without difficulty, if they don't mind sleeping communally on cots. There are certain advantages to be gained by staying in the caves, too. The temperature is a constant 60°, and there is no pollen in the air, which is why hay-fever sufferers have long used the caverns.

DOWN UNDER AND WAY OUT

In the red outback country of central Australia the citizens of Alice Springs dutifully held their annual regatta on the Todd River, an event that would not be particularly noteworthy except that the Todd had not had a drop of water in it for 18 months. Before that the riverbed had been dry for eight years.

But, no matter, come September the Henley-on-Todd Regatta takes place. Skiffs, sloops and shells are brought down to the riverbank, crews clamber into them, sails are hoisted and the various events are hotly (in temperatures of 100°) contested. The boats, it should

be explained, are all bottomless, their hulls powered from one end of the course to the other on the hairy legs of their crews.

Some 3,000 spectators lined the banks of the Todd this year and cheered and cheered (more than 2,000 quart bottles of beer were consumed). The feature event of the day was the Australia's Cup, which pitted an approximation of an American 12-meter yacht against an Australian sloop of the same dubious class. The U.S. entry, named the *Isis*, was manned by Americans who operate what is said to be a weather station in Alice Springs. (The windows of the station are bricked up, which suggests that whatever they watch, it isn't the weather.) The Australian boat, the *Sir Bob*, was named in honor of Dame Pattie's husband, Sir Robert Menzies.

The Americans won in a walk, so to speak, just as they did the following week in Newport, R.I. The Australia's Cup, it turned out, was a dry run for the America's Cup.

FUR FETCHED

When the game of parlor psychiatry is played the players often compare the personalities of cat owners with those of cats and the personalities of dog owners with dogs. Felinophiles are supposedly



sedentary and vain, caninophiles, active and waggy.

What does the old pro of applied psychology—the pet food salesman—think about this? Well, the Ralston Purina folks have come up with a number of fascinating contests this season, and naturally they would want to offer prizes that probe the inner yearnings of their customers.

continued

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS

BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Getting Oriented.

From now on, **BUSINESS WEEK** will be getting first-hand business information from Southeast Asia, Indonesia, Vietnam, and all points oriental. The Hong Kong News Bureau, the twelfth overseas news bureau serving **BW** readers, opened its doors early in 1987. Staffed with top people, it's going to be one of the most reliable sources of business-oriented news in that often-inscrutable part of the world.

As you might gather, **BUSINESS WEEK** is dedicated to the idea that business news has to be world news. We're convinced that problems abroad affect profits at home. That's why we'll go from here to China to bring back the facts we think American management has to know. But don't worry. We're not neglecting the home front. **BUSINESS WEEK** still maintains 17 full-time news bureaus in the U.S. and Canada, and correspondents in 33 other cities.

We admit we're fascinated by the idea of a Hong Kong bureau, but we haven't gotten carried away. We're still just plain folks on West 42nd Street. If you don't believe it, come up and ring our gong.

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SCORECARD *continued*

So, for the grand prize of one of their dog food sweepstakes, they offer a 25-foot cabin cruiser, plus water skis, snorkels and picnic equipment.

The appeal of the cat food sweepstakes is altogether different. Its top inducement: "A Norman Rockwell portrait of you and your cat," along with such incidentals as a trip to Manhattan and Nassau.

SPACE AGE GOLF

There have been brief transpacific telecasts by satellite from Hawaii before, lasting five minutes or so, but the Hawaiian Open Golf Tournament at the Waialae Country Club, to be held Nov. 4 and 5, will be the first complete sports event ever to be transmitted via the Lanai Bird satellite from the 50th state to the other 49.

This technological development has brought about a change that may seem strange. To bring the tournament into the eastern U.S. at what is considered the proper time to telecast golf—6 to 7 p.m. E.S.T. for the first day of televised play and 6 to 7:30 p.m. for the final round—the National Broadcasting Company had to have an early starting time in Hawaii. As a result, the regular front and back nine holes will be reversed to keep the sun behind the cameras.

THE HEDGERS

Though its claim to being the world's largest bookmaking firm is disputed by the rival William Hill organization, Ladbroke's, which has the Duke of Windsor among its betting clients, is by no means a minor operation. Its annual turnover is \$100 million.

Last week Britons had a chance to own a piece of the action. Ladbroke's went public, offering 1,350,000 shares of its stock at 10 shillings each. It was oversubscribed by almost 100 times, with 60,000 would-be investors sending in purchase applications for more than 120 million shares.

The speculation in the public houses of London was that most of the subscribers were horse players trying to live on what they lose.

DREAM FIGHT

There is a limit to what even computers can do, and it has now been reached. Radio Station WIND in Chicago, and others about the country, are trying, by means of a computer imported from

Dayton, to figure out whether Joe Louis would have beaten Muhammad Ali or Jack Dempsey would have stopped them both. In effect, they are conducting their own heavyweight elimination tournament.

Data was fed into the computer—an NCR 315—from fight experts and films, including evaluations of punching power, stamina, defensive skills, specific punches against specific weaknesses and so on and on and on.

In the first bout of the tournament Dempsey faced Jim Corbett. WIND broadcast the fight, complete with crowd noises and a blow-by-blow description. Dempsey won every one of the first six rounds, then knocked out Corbett in the seventh, using a left and a right to the head. The computer said Dempsey was just too strong for the slimmer, high-style boxer that was Corbett.

On Nov. 6 Dempsey must fight the winner of a recent match between John L. Sullivan and Jimmy Braddock, which, to no one's amazement, Sullivan won. There will be six other matches, including, on Oct. 30, Muhammad Ali versus Max Schmeling.

TEEN-AGER'S BIG DAY

At age 16 Craig Perret is one of the youngest jockeys in the country, and at 95 pounds he must be among the very lightest. He also has come to be one of the most acclaimed.

One recent Wednesday, at Chicago's Hawthorne racetrack, he had no mount in the first race, but finished first in the second, third, fourth and fifth events, was third in the sixth and came back to win the seventh. One of his mounts, Tinker Tom in the second race, paid \$54.80 for \$2.

Such success is not particularly new for this teen-ager. He led all riders at the Balmoral meeting, was second at Arlington, but was having a slump at Hawthorne when his big day came up.

Though his five winners in six starts was not a record for Hawthorne—Johnny Heckmann had seven for eight back in 1956—it boosted Perret to second place in the jockey standings, behind Walter Blum.

UNPLEASANT DILEMMA

In the wide-open spaces of the American West game of all kinds is an generally plentiful supply—in part because the ratio of hunters to hunted gives the game

a chance. Nevada, with a population figure of 4.2 human beings per square mile, especially enjoys this advantage since 86.8% of its 110,540 square miles is owned by the Federal Government—mountain desert rangeland.

That kind of milieu is fine for many kinds of game but not for pheasant, and this year's pheasant season has been reduced drastically. The pheasant can live only in areas which are rich in farm products, points out Gene McDowell of the Nevada Fish and Game Commission, so that normally the commission buys 10,000 pheasants a year from California game breeders, at a cost of \$2.50 a bird, and releases them on farms and other private lands where pheasants can live. In return, the ranchers admit the hunters to their lands.

This year the commission contracted as usual for its 10,000 birds. But disaster struck. Disease, probably botulism, caused such extraordinary decimation that the breeder could deliver no birds at all. After a search the commission found one who could spare 4,000.

The result: only a token pheasant season in Lyon County, one of the two best bird-hunting areas in the state. Normally the season runs a full week, but this year it will last from noon to sundown on November 5, with a two-bird limit. A couple of counties that are not very good for pheasant anyway will have four- or five-day seasons. In southern Nevada there will be no season at all.

Indeed, there is a chance that the commission will terminate its pheasant-stocking program for good. The cost of the program is borne by all the people who buy hunting and fishing licenses, but only the few who hunt the bird are benefited.

THEY SAID IT

- Jack Nicklaus, leading money-winning golfer, who hasn't had a haircut since July: "Biggest waste of time in the world is getting a haircut or stopping for gas."
- Gary Beban, UCLA quarterback, telling how his mother puts her hands over her eyes when he is on the field: "At least she gets to see our defensive team."
- Two Ton Tony Galento, now 57, addressing the Eagles Lodge in Spokane: "You guys, you writers, always accused me of being a dirty fighter. I was not. I took showers after every fight, just like everyone."

END

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Performance Rated

IT'S JOHNNY U. AGAIN

Despite a sore elbow that pains him constantly, Johnny Unitas was throwing and, when he had to, running the ball with his old aplomb as he led the Colts to their second impressive win of the young season **by TEX MAULE**

John Unitas has a tennis elbow. It is his right elbow. The tendon has been torn away from the bone and the elbow aches steadily, like a sore tooth. When Unitas is forced to snap off a hard throw the pain becomes intense, as though somebody had jabbed a live nerve.

Against a good Philadelphia Eagle team that was leading the Baltimore Colts by six points in the second quarter last Sunday, Unitas called a pattern that sent Willie Richardson, his flanker, on a sharply angled route from right to left across the deep defense of the Eagles. Throwing through a light rain, Unitas fired the ball on a flat, hard trajectory to Richardson, who had broken free momentarily. Richardson caught it for a first down on the Philadelphia 27-yard line, but that was not the real point Unitas had executed the play with the same untrammelled motion that has given him four lifetime records in his spectacular 11-year career, and the only people among the 50-odd thousand at Franklin Field who knew how much pain it caused Unitas were his teammates on the Colts and Johnny U.

Two plays later it was third and nine and Unitas sent Richardson on the same crossing pattern, made the same hard, accurate and painful throw, and it was first and goal for the Colts on the Philadelphia two. Jerry Hill carried the ball in for a touchdown, which put Baltimore ahead to stay 7-6. Eventually the

score grew to 38-6 and the Colts won their second game of the season, landing in a three-way tie with Los Angeles and San Francisco for first place in the difficult Coastal Division.

This is a sound, strong Baltimore team. Richardson, a tall, skinny man of 27 who has little to show for the four years he has spent with the Colts, was playing in place of the injured Jimmy Orr. He performed with remarkable élan, catching 11 passes for 184 yards and two touchdowns and making life extraordinarily miserable for Aaron Martin, the Philadelphia corner back who had most but not all of the responsibility for covering him. The defense, against the Eagles, was superb, denying the Philadelphia team, which had scored 35 points against Washington the week before, a single touchdown. Don Shinnick, in his 11th year as a corner linebacker, broke the league interception record for linebackers by picking off two of the harried Norm Snead's passes, and Bob Boyd, bald as an egg after spending seven years in the Colt secondary, remained the most successful thief among active defensive backs by picking off two more for a career total of 46. The Colts, despite their years, their aches, their shiny heads, obviously played very well as a team.

But as the Philadelphia fans straggled slowly and unhappily out of Franklin Field, none of them had much to say about Richardson, Shinnick or Boyd.

They talked only about Johnny U. and, even while suffering the torments of their own defeat, they spoke of him with the kind of undiluted respect and grudging affection all sports fans seem to have for a superhero.

For Unitas, this was a better game than any he had played last year. Although he hurt all afternoon, the pain was confined only to his elbow. During the 1966 season, he had a sore shoulder as well. The ripping shots he was able to get off Sunday were physically impossible for him a year ago.

The man most capable of judging how well Unitas is throwing is Raymond Berry, who has been catching his passes for 11 years.

"He's as good as ever," Berry said after the game as he slaced away the tape bandaging his ankles. "He could always throw any kind of pass if he wasn't hurt and he can again. I know his elbow hurts him but you can't tell it when he has to fire one. It comes in as hard and straight as it always did. He can throw short, long, hard, soft, on either side of you to keep it away from a defensive back and he can throw it away when he has to. Once today I broke in over the middle in the end zone and the kid on me—Nettles, I think—was right there. Johnny threw it behind us and over the end zone."

Unitas has retained his remarkable ability despite the fact that he can no longer work the long hours he used to,

continued

Sprinting for sideline with the ball tucked under one arm, Johnny Unitas motions with the other to Receiver Raymond Berry to move downfield.





practicing his accuracy with Berry and his other receivers.

"I got a little ballpoint pen I keep with me at practice," Berry said. "I tape some adhesive on my pads and make a note of each pattern I work with each passer. How many patterns would you think I worked with Johnny last week?"

No one could answer him.

"No more than 16," he said. "We used to work hundreds of patterns in a week. But we have worked together so long that it doesn't hurt our timing not to practice as much, and I have reached the point where even if Johnny wanted to throw more I would be too tired to run more patterns."

There are no outward indications of the malady that affects Unitas' arm. He sat in front of his locker after the Eagle game, his face as impassive as ever. He is not an emotional man and he answered the questions put to him in a low, almost toneless voice.

"The arm has hurt a long time," he said, leaning over to unlace his high-top shoes. "I don't remember when it started, because it was a gradual thing. There's a tendon torn loose in there and it's a constant pain, even when I'm not working out. I guess they could operate, but I don't know how the operation would turn out. It hasn't hurt any worse during the last couple of years, so I'd rather not take a chance with the operation. I can stand the pain."

He has cut down sharply on the amount of throwing he does between games and played only sporadically during the preseason schedule, saving the arm. When he opened the league season against Atlanta a week ago, his arm felt well enough for him to set a personal record with 22 completions in 32 throws for 401 yards. Against Philadelphia he completed 21 of 34 for 267 yards.

"It hurts now," he said, pinching the offending elbow. His arms are not particularly muscular; the elbow is bony and totally unremarkable, with no evident swelling. "I only throw a couple of days a week now, just enough to keep sharp. But it seems to be enough. At least I can throw hard. Last year I couldn't."

Jimmy Orr, who wandered disconsolately onto the field before the game with his left arm in a sling from a dis-

located shoulder, watched Unitas arch effortless long passes downfield a few times and shook his head.

"I got loose on a fly deep downfield in one of the exhibition games," Orr said. "I had maybe a step on the guy covering me and I remember wondering if Johnny could reach me. I looked over my shoulder, and the ball was hanging up there like a peach on a tree."

It came as somewhat of a surprise to some Baltimore writers that Unitas went to Richardson as often as he did. They had come to believe that he had no faith in Richardson, who has had little playing time behind Orr.

"That came about because of the first game against Green Bay last year," Don Shula, the personable young coach of the Colts, said. "Johnny hit him with the first pass in that game and then he dropped one, and Johnny didn't throw much to him anymore. But Johnny is like all good quarterbacks. He doesn't care who he throws to. He'll do anything to win."

"You read the defense and you take what's there," Unitas said dourly. "Willie was hot and Marun couldn't cover him, so when I got single coverage on Willie I threw to him. He made some great catches, too."

Richardson was not free that often. Like most wide receivers, he was double-teamed much of the time. Most defenses in pro football, if no blitz is called, have seven defenders to cover three or sometimes four receivers, so the wide men consistently find themselves the object of the attentions of two men. On one of Richardson's touchdown catches, with the Colts on the Eagle 10-yard line, he had two Eagle defenders bracketing him just across the line of scrimmage. As he started on his pattern, both of them bumped him, but he skittered quickly to his right toward the sideline, and Unitas' perfectly thrown pass found him just before he went out of bounds. It was a play reminiscent of the old Unitas-to-Berry sideline pass.

Unitas, of course, calls the game himself, which is one of the reasons Weeb Ewbank, now coach of the New York Jets, parted company with the Colts. In his last year at Baltimore, Ewbank had insisted on sending plays in to Unitas. At midseason Owner Carroll Rosen-

bloom told Unitas to call his own game. Shula replaced Ewbank the next year and Unitas has called his own game since.

Against the Eagles he picked his plays with his usual cool precision and almost instant recognition of defenses. Although Unitas is 34, he is not reluctant to take chances, he runs the ball when he has to and runs with vigor and a modicum of style. Once, in the first period when the Colts had a third and six on their own 27 and had not been moving the ball well, he squirmed away from the Eagle pressure and tightrope the sideline. When he had made the six yards he needed for the first down, he delicately stepped out of bounds.

Late in the second period, with less than two minutes to go in the half and Unitas shepherding the Colts on a drive in which seconds were meaningful, he again found his receivers covered and again ran. He headed toward the sideline, looking downfield as he ran, and waved to Berry to go deeper behind Jim Nettles. Berry broke deep but by then the defense closed in and Unitas did not have time to throw. He dived for the sideline, wriggling desperately in the grasp of a tackler, trying to get out of bounds, but the official ruled that he had not made it. Reluctantly Unitas took a time-out. He wound up that drive 39 seconds before the clock ran out with a touchdown pass to Richardson, putting the Colts ahead 14-6.

In the second half Unitas was in complete command. The Colt running game had not been successful going wide earlier, so he sent Tony Lorack, Tom Matte and Jerry Hill inside for key gains. He called patterns isolating linebackers on Matte, his halfback, when the Eagles became overly aware of Richardson, and Matte, as effective a receiver as he was a passer in an emergency two years ago when he had to quarterback the Colts, took the ball for good gains.

Before the game, in the Eagle dressing room, Coach Joe Kuharich, who has trained the Eagles into respectability and done a good job of reconstructing the team, said, "If Unitas is right, there isn't much you can do. I don't think the loss of Orr will hurt them much, either. Richardson has always had good days against us."

He was right on both counts. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER BOBBS JR.

Leaping high for one of his 21 completions, Willie Richardson, who subbed for injured Jimmy Orr, snags ball from Eagles' Defender Joe Scerppe.

THE CARDINALS AGAINST—WHO?

Minnesota, Detroit, Boston and Chicago were within a game of each other as the pennant race entered its last week, but one had to meet St. Louis in the World Series. It might even happen next week **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Maybe next Wednesday afternoon in some American League city or other the 64th World Series will actually begin, though last weekend, as the seething four-team pennant race boiled on, it somehow seemed that the Series might end up being played in the middle of the Easter Seal drive. As late as last Thursday a man in Minnesota sat down with paper, pencil, A's, B's, C's and D's and figured out that there were still 75 possible ways that the American League pennant race could end, including ties. There were fears that when it finally was over the Series itself might be an anticlimax, but, as everyone knows, a World Series is never an anticlimax—even when

the Los Angeles Dodgers play the Baltimore Orioles.

While the American League race continued, the St. Louis Cardinals showed how a pennant should be won and, in the earliest clinching the National League has had since 1955, moved on toward becoming its 11th 100-game winner in the last 52 years. The Cardinals bunted, stole bases, hit and fielded, and everyone made a contribution. They proved again what a fine team they are—one of the finest ever to represent their league in a World Series.

The Cardinals already have a unique record in the Series. Ten times they have played in it, and seven times they have

won, most for any National League team. In five of their seven world-championship years, the Series went seven games. St. Louis has never been beaten in a seven-game Series.

Students of the Series know the rich excitement the Cardinals have always brought to it. In the very first one St. Louis got into, back in 1926, 39-year-old Grover Cleveland Alexander won the second and sixth games and then came back in the seventh at Yankee Stadium to strike out Tony Lazzeri with the bases loaded to save a 3-2 victory and the world championship for the Cardinals. Pepper Martin, Dizzy Dean, Mort Cooper and his brother Walker, Harry

The Cardinals' star pitcher, Bob Gibson, back in action after breaking his leg in July, shows all of his old, flamboyant, free-swinging style.



(The Cat) Brecheen, Harry (The Hat) Walker, Stan (The Man) Musial and Enos (Country) Slaughter were all Cardinal Series heroes, as were Tim McCarver and Bob Gibson in 1964.

Many people will be seeing the 1967 Cardinals play for the first time during the Series. The most important thing to watch for (if television gives the viewer a chance) is their concentration on detail and their ability to do the small things so well. The home-run threat is there, but the home run is merely the parsley on the potato. Watch the Cardinals work together. Watch how the St. Louis infield and outfield seem always to be in communication with each other. Note the alert bench.

Some thought that the lack of experienced pitching would hurt the Cardinals and, at times, it looked as if it was going to. But a close examination of major league records since the last week of July is startling and revealing. The Chicago White Sox and Minnesota Twins are supposed to have the best starting staffs in baseball, and both are admittedly excellent; in the eight-week period from that final week in July, Minnesota's pitching staff gave up two runs or less in 32 games, and the White Sox did the same in 27 games. The Cardinal pitchers, performing in a league containing much better batters, did it 37 times.

The powerful Cardinal hitting attack and the fact that St. Louis was so far out in front in the standings for so long obscured this fine pitching. With the exception of Gibson, the Cardinal starters are well known only to their families and the weekly paper back home. Of the 11 pitchers on the roster, only Gibson worked in the 1964 Series.

Of course, Gibson, despite the broken leg that sidelined him for seven weeks, is still the big man of the staff, as he proved late in the season. His record before his injury was 10-6, and his pennant-clinching win over the Phillies was his third straight after returning. He can hit, run, field and do almost anything except make his roommate, Curt Flood, mad. "Bob Gibson," Cardinal Manager Red Schoendienst once said, "is a great athlete who just happens to be a pitcher." Gibson's father died a month before he was born in Omaha on November 9, 1935 and his mother says, "Bob came into the world sick. He had rickets, hay fever, pneumonia and a rheumatic heart, and one side



One of the best of the younger St. Louis pitchers is hard-throwing Nelson Briles, a former actor.

of his chest was lower than the other. When he was 3½ we bundled him in a blanket and took him to the hospital with pneumonia. I'll never forget that moment when he looked up at his older brother Leroy and said, 'Am I going to die?' Leroy told him that when he got out of the hospital he would buy him a bat and ball, and after that sports was everything to him." Eventually Gibson played shortstop and pitched at Creighton University and also became a basketball star. He signed with the Harlem Globetrotters, but the Cards made him quit after one year on the tour.

Gibson is one of the world's greatest television watchers—"The only man left," Flood once said, "who still gets a kick out of test patterns." Once he told Tim McCarver, "If there are eight million stories in *The Naked City*, how come they need reruns?" Gibson will open the World Series for the Cardinals. He gives up a fair amount of homers, but he is strong and as capable of striking out the side in the ninth inning as he is in the first. And he stays in games because he is a home-run threat himself.

As things stand now, Schoendienst probably will start Dick Hughes, the

continued



29-year-old rookie right-hander, in the second game. Hughes spent nine years in the minors before reaching the majors. "It's been a long fight with a short stick," he says. He is very near-sighted, 20/375 in one eye and 20/300 in the other. Until he was in the seventh grade in Arkansas he did not realize that the other kids could see across the street. "Before I wore glasses," he says, "I couldn't recognize my mother." As a ballplayer he tried wearing contact lenses but developed a bad eye infection. "I had so many bandages over my eyes that my roommate used to direct me in eating peas at 3 o'clock, meat at 6 o'clock, potatoes at 9 o'clock." Hughes has an excellent fast ball and a hard slider, and he keeps the ball down. His record going into the last week of the season was 15-6, and in 13 of his games he gave up two runs or less. Like Gibson, he is a hitter, too. He once batted .364 at Tulsa.

Nelson Briles is a third Cardinal right-hander who will start in the Series. Briles, 24, came out of the bullpen when Gibson was injured and did a superior job, though his 1966 record, mostly in relief, was a discouraging 4-15. He once played three parts in Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and he met his wife while he was playing Joe Hardy in *Dawn Yankers*, but there is a grimness to Briles when he's on the mound. This season he became a practitioner of the no-windup style taught by Pitching Coach Billy Muffett and, even though he lost a couple of games because of wild pitches early in the year, he now seems to be Muffett's best student. "When you pitch with no windup," he says, "you have to be pretty strong to begin with. The secret is in the rotation of the hips, which gives you the momentum to be able to drive off the mound."

Of the Cardinal left-handers, Steve Carlton is the best, and some astute baseball men maintain that he eventually will become one of the finest in the game. The clothes that Carlton wears are a source of fascination to his teammates. When he enters hotel lobbies the Cardinals look up in wonder at whatever new hue he has found. Sometimes the color is plum or tangerine. "You fellows," he said once to Hughes and Relief Pitcher

Prime mover of the surprising Red Sox, Nappy Carl Yastrzemski has had a towering season.

Ron Willis, "wear pants that frighten a connoisseur, and yet you fail to appreciate it when I put you in the company of excellent thread."

Ray Washburn, who had his thumb broken by a line drive in June, probably will be used in long relief for the Series along with Larry Jaster, the 23-year-old Zero Hero of 1966 who shut out the Dodgers five times. The short men will be Willis and Joe Hoerner; both are good.

With Dal Maxvill at shortstop and Julian Javier at second base, the Cardinal double-play combination is far superior to that of any of the American League contenders. Because of an injury sustained in the last week of the 1964 season, Javier is the only Cardinal regular who has not started in a Series. Roger Maris and Orlando Cepeda have each had a year free from controversy, and each is capable of turning a Series around with one swing of the bat. Flood is the one question mark in the outfield. His arm has been sore for the final half of the season, and most of the time he has had to throw the ball underhand. When games are close and Schoendienst needs an arm in center field, he puts Bob Tolan in to replace Flood.

A playoff for the American League pennant could seriously affect the outcome of the World Series. An extended delay between the end of the regular season and the start of the Series might well throw the Cardinal hitting off. Moreover, a playoff would jumble the American Leaguers' pitching staffs, and two clubs, Detroit and Boston, have enough pitching problems even when things are going at their best.

The White Sox, though desperate and scrambling in the pennant race, probably would give the Cardinals more trouble than the other clubs. Their pitching is deep and pliable, and Manager Eddie Stanky has handled it brilliantly all season long. He knows that left-handed pitching can sometimes minimize the Cardinal attack and, along with Right-hander Joe Horlen, Stanky has two top left-handers in Gary Peters and Tommy John. He also has exceptionally strong relief pitching.

Stanky's problem in a World Series would be the same one he has faced up to all season long—a lack of hitting. The White Sox team batting average is .226, two points less than the "hittless wonder" White Sox of 1906. Contrary to com-

mon belief, the Sox, though fast, are not brilliantly fast, and they have to play a gambling game on the bases because of the shortage of hits. Even if Tim McCarver should throw out a few White Sox early in the game, it would make no difference to Stanky. He would still run. He needs his runners in scoring position when and if the hit ever comes.

Minnesota was the last one of the contenders to play in a World Series and gave a good account of itself. And now the Twins may be a stronger team. They have the superb rookie, Rod Carew, at second base, and in Dean Chance they have a fine starting pitcher capable of working three games. Unhappily, one of Chance's flaws as a pitcher is his motion. He pivots and turns his back to the batter, a time-consuming operation that is like opening a gate for such alert base stealers as Brock of the Cardinals. During one game this season the Kansas City Athletics stole seven bases off Chance. Of course, when his fast ball is moving, few runners get on to steal.

Twins fans remember the 1965 World Series with an "if." "If only Tony had hit even a little bit..." Tony is Tony Oliva, a career .300 hitter who batted .192 during that Series. For the Twins to threaten the Cardinals, Oliva would have to produce. Harmon Killebrew is a good pressure player and much better at first base than at third, the position he played in 1965. And, aside from Chance, the Twins have three other good starters in Jim Kaat, Dave Boswell and Jim Merritt. But Minnesota is weak in the bullpen, and it is significant that only 30 National League pitchers were able to work complete games against the hard-hitting Cards through pennant-clinching day. Minnesota has a good outfield defense, but the erratic in-and-out play of Shortstop Zoilo Versalles makes this a bewildering club to analyze.

Boston's chances, like those of Detroit, center on hitting. Carl Yastrzemski could turn the Series into a wonderful thing for the Red Sox if he went on a tear, and powerful George Scott can hit consistently, too. The Red Sox have a good double-play combination in Rico Petrocelli and Mike Andrews. Andrews, a rookie, has been doing a lot of things this season to keep the Red Sox moving, both on offense and defense. The best Red Sox pitcher, Jim Lonborg, learned this year that he had to be "mean"—to brush back the hitters—and this helped him be-

come a 21-game winner. Lee Stange has pitched grittily for the Sox, and Jose Santiago has been astonishingly effective both starting and relieving. Gary Bell has been strong, too, and John Wyatt is an experienced reliever. But, after Lonborg, Boston's pitching is not really impressive. All year long, the Red Sox provided the fans of New England with miracle after miracle, but a lack of strong pitching, particularly in a World Series, is often fatal.

The Detroit Tigers were almost an invisible contender much of the year, though when the amazing four-team stretch drive began the Tigers were right there. Some days they looked like a classic ball club, but there were other days when the pitching soured, and homers jumped off the bats of their opponents at all the wrong times. Any pitcher who works in Tiger Stadium for very long is going to see balls rattle around in those green seats, though, because baseballs carry well in Detroit. Through September 23, Tiger pitchers had given up 144 homers; Cardinal pitchers had given up only 94. Earl Wilson, Detroit's 22-game winner, allowed 33; Denny McLain 34, Joe Spina 16, Mickey Lolich 14. Bries and Carlton of the Cardinals together have given up a total of 16.

Detroit has an excellent outfield, a good infield and strong catching. Detroit does not often use a running game, but Al Kaline, Bill Freehan, Norm Cash, Dick McAuliffe and Willie Horton are all home-run hitters, and so are Jim Northrup and Ed Mathews. One of the weaknesses of Detroit's club is the lack of right-handed hitting on the bench, but Mathews, Gates Brown, Lenny Green and Jerry Lumpe make the Tigers strong from the left-hand side.

Manager Mayo Smith has been plagued for most of the year by the inconsistency of his bullpen. Early in the season Fred Gladding was effective. Then it was Mike Marshall. Lately it has been Fred Lasher. In a World Series Smith would also get a chance to call on John Hiller, a left-hander who came up late in the season and won several games for the Tigers and saved others, though he failed sadly against the Senators last Sunday. But if the homers flew for the Tigers instead of against them and the relief pitching came through, they would have a glittering chance to upset the Cardinals.

END

A MAN IN MOTION BEATS TEXAS

USC's John McKay goes through the typical week of a college coach faced with a big game and has it end happily as his Trojans crisply execute his plays and come from behind to defeat a highly rated rival **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**



Saturday morning, game day, Texas vs. USC, and John McKay is sure to skip breakfast again. From Friday on he eats like a bird. He lives on coffee and cigars. He says it is a good way to lose weight because it keeps you so sick to your stomach all the time you can't eat. He says he has slept well, but that could be a relative thing. A man might, for example, consider three hours a fine sleep if he has slept not a wink the night before. There is never any telling, either, what the next phone call will bring or when it will come. He had been jangled out of sleep on Tuesday by an old friend from Shinnston, W. Va. The old friend wanted to buy 20 tickets to the Notre Dame game October 14th. Shinnston is

where John McKay went to high school. He took his wife Corky there for her first visit last year. What did Corky say about Shinnston, he was asked. "She said it wasn't Los Angeles," John McKay replied. He promised his old friend he would get him the tickets.

McKay has the big suite on the 10th floor of the Sheraton-Wilshire all to himself this game weekend. The head coach at the University of Southern California goes first class. The suite is in avocado-green, and legions of paper parrots and peacocks race across the walls. It was as good a place as any, there among the parrots and peacocks, to spend the final hours and decide on the last moves that preceded the victory

of his USC Trojans over the Texas Longhorns 17-13. The victory was to come, as most do, out of long planning and attention to detail. In this case the plans (including the play 93-T-Swing that he diagrammed three weeks ago for this week's *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* cover) were dramatically successful, and his team emerged as one of the very strongest in the country. His big game week was going to be, within a few hours, a successful one. But not quite yet.

Now, on game day, McKay comes down to join some of his coaches for coffee half an hour before they are to eat breakfast with the team. McKay is quiet, and is not encouraging conversation. He has, by nature, a seltzer per-

sonality, and his moody periods stand out like the quick silence after a roll of drums. He had begun this meditation phase, the final phase of the week's preparation for Texas, the night before when the USC team was taken across Los Angeles to the MGM lot for a private showing of a new John Wayne movie. Wayne is a big favorite of McKay's. Last year Wayne addressed the team at breakfast and sat on the USC bench for the Texas game. But the movie, *War Wagon*, was not good enough to stoke McKay's humor, and he had given one-sentence answers, sometimes one-word answers, to questions on the ride back to the hotel. Once there he had gone straight to bed, not bothering to tune in yet another Wayne movie that was reappearing on the late show. "I've seen it," he said, "and I recommend it."

At 10 a.m. Saturday morning he leads his coaches into one of the hotel's dining rooms where the team is already digging into a breakfast of sirloin steak, green peas and toast with honey. McKay passes. A couple of the other coaches do, too. There has been a concerted effort on the USC staff to suppress fat this fall. Dave Levy, Jim Stangeland and Craig Fertig are the leaders of the movement. Levy and Stangeland have lost 30 pounds apiece, and their pants gather around their belts like the tops of mail sacks.

McKay is making x's and o's on his napkin. It is no joke about coaches spending a lot of time making x's and o's—charting offenses and defenses—and McKay is a master at it. He can see as much beauty in an x or an o as Rubens saw in a milkmaid. Levy, who coordinates the USC offense, nods approval of another last-minute McKay idea. Breakfast ends with the players breaking up for group meetings. McKay has the manager send a radio to his suite.

He has the radio on, whirling the dial to pick up the games involving UCLA and Notre Dame, and at the same time watches Colorado beat Oregon on television. He is not happy about that. Oregon is his old team. He was a 170-pound redheaded halfback of star quality there in 1948. All the while he is doodling plays on a yellow scratch pad with his red felt-tip pen. Eventually he orders a sandwich.

By 3 o'clock the coaches have gath-

ered again in the suite, and there is another exchange of reminders. "Dave, be sure O.J. moves around back there on the kickoffs. I don't want Texas kicking the ball away from him. How much field goal range does their kicker have?"

At 4 o'clock—kickoff is 8 p.m.—the team gets its pregame sustenance, more steak, more reminders. McKay is at the blackboard, checking assignments, calling out blocking rules, checking keys and audibles. He holds an unlit cigar in his left hand, a fresh match gripped between the thumb and middle finger. The quiz is sharp, incisive. The details seem innumerable. "All right, the bus leaves at 6:15. Let's stay off our feet until then, and think about what you have to do to beat Texas."

On the bus ride to the Los Angeles Coliseum, McKay sits with his starting quarterback, Steve Sogge. Craig Fertig, who set passing records at USC before he became a member of the coaching staff, says there is nothing quite so much to the point as a bus ride with John McKay in the next seat. There was a time before the California game in 1964,

Fertig recalls, when he had had a bad game the previous week and the fans and sportswriters were on him. "On the ride to the game, Coach McKay says, 'Craig, I want you to remember just one thing. You're my quarterback. They'll have to climb through me to reach you. Forget 'em.' We won the game, and I had one of my better days."

In the locker room at the Coliseum, behind a green door with his name chalked on it, in a cubicle to himself, McKay has taken off his plaid coat and changed to ridge-soled field shoes. Surprisingly, he is now more relaxed than before. Even gabby, as if the burden of preparation has lifted and there is not another x or o to be found.

Visitors come and go. Jess Hill, the USC athletic director, says the crowd will probably reach 70,000. Two officials come to get the names of his captains. McKay looks at the list of officials in the program. The umpire is from the Southwest Conference. "We'll get a holding penalty for sure," he says, grinning. You are not certain he is kidding. There are, suddenly, yips and banging

continued



The elusive O.J. (No. 32) turns the corner and heads toward the end zone for USC's first score.



As tension rises and Texas leads, Quarterback Sogge gets instructions from encouraging coach

noses filtering through from the locker room next door. "That will be Texas," says McKay, lighting up a cigar. "Texas has arrived."

USC had actually begun preparing for Texas way last spring. As a matter of course, McKay's assistants—Levy, Stangeland and Fertig on offense, Marv Gous, Dick Coury, Phil Krueger and Red Humensiek on defense—break down the films of the previous game between the teams, if there was one, and the spring intrasquad game of each opponent. USC had beaten Texas 10-6, in the first game of their 1966 season. The teams exchanged moves of their spring games. USC also borrowed films of four other 1966 Texas games from other sources, a common practice. From these at least the preface of a book on Texas could be written.

USC had opened this season with a 49-0 victory over Washington State. That meant Texas would have the advantage of an updated film to study. USC, on the other hand, would have the advantage of a game under its belt.

On the following Sunday McKay looked at the films of the USC-Washington State game. The pleasure was not

his. The score was big and USC had dominated the play, but the USC offense had been lucky and the defense had stumbled around too much to suit McKay. He had suggested this to the writers after the game. He picked up the paper the next morning and saw where his comment was interpreted as "moaning." "I wasn't moaning," he said. "I was stating facts. It's an old flaw of mine. Ask me a straight question, I'll give you a straight answer."

He met Monday morning with the coaches of the defense and got some things off his mind. When he saw Levy just before lunch, he was still exasperated. Levy wanted to talk offense. "Let's just figure out how we can score a lot of points," said McKay. "We'll need them."

At noon he zipped over to the Sheraton-West to keep a standing luncheon double date: first with the Trojan Club, a group of USC alumni and fans, and then with the L.A. sportswriters. He dined with a slab of roast beef—leaving the carrots and potatoes—and titillated the Trojan Clubbers.

"One newspaper said I wasn't happy with our 49-0 win over Washington State," he said. "That same paper would

mess up the Second Coming." He said there was no question Washington State had been outmanned. "But when you have men open 15 yards and you over-throw them 15 yards more, you have to think you might not get away with that against a team like Texas." He said Texas was going to show them a couple things. Quarterback Bill Bradley, for one, and Tailback Chris Gilbert, for another. "The best thing that happened to us last year was that Darrell Royal didn't find out what a great tailback Gilbert was until the second half of the game. Gilbert gained 103 yards on us in the second half."

He said it was doubtful USC's first-string quarterback, Toby Page, would play against Texas, that he had sorely bruised his ribs against Washington State and was on the mend. "If you read it in the papers that he will play, don't believe it," he told them.

McKay gave basically the same material to the writers, who were equally responsive. Then he was asked if he would compare the relative value of his sensational junior running back, O J Simpson, and Mike Garrett, who won the Heisman Trophy in 1965. "Yes," he said. "One has played one game for USC. The other played three years."

There are meetings and there are meetings in football, and mostly there are meetings. The filmwork is endless; coaches shuffling around like ferrets for an opponent's tendencies, for something to pin an attack on, for something on which to key a defense. The week of the Texas game at USC evolves, like most, from general confusion and despair into stunning clarity as McKay sifts through the information he is getting and with his coaches puts together the plan.

Their talk is, for the layman, an incredible voyage down rivers of jargon and argot. Consider one conversation—Dave Levy discussing offense with John McKay.

Levy: Do you want to Trojan call the strong belly?

McKay: No, George it.

Levy: Now, on this one, you want a single cut rather than worry about dragging . . . and when we want single to X, rather than drag, use weak 90 fly, right?

McKay: The only thing I'm worried about is that since we hurt Washington State so badly on that reverse, they're going to have somebody on that line waiting for it head on.

continued

You don't need 28 taste testers to make Bourbon. But Grand-Dad demands them.

We could probably get by with fewer taste testers. Or tasters who were more easily pleased.

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Levy: Of course, we don't go into that reverse out of Goe and Haw. I was thinking about that, too. It would be great on the hold-time blocking—that end will look for the guy, with the tackle containing. If our flanker went upfield about four yards so he's lost sight of him, I bet we could run a hold-time reverse sweep.

McKay: We want to have a play to go for the bomb against their short yardage, and I want it with two tight ends or X down, and they'll put those men in the gaps in the guards and the tackles will be head up and hitting as hard, and the ends are here, and these fellows here, and...

There are, for the players, no meetings after Sunday until they group on the Friday before the game. Only practice. At USC, as at most major colleges situated in large cities, the students are scattered around and off campus; there is no such thing as an athletic dorm. So McKay does not have many player meetings, except by twos or threes as they come in on their own to study films. "This is a tough school," he says. "Excessive meetings lead to excessive failures."

For McKay, meanwhile, the routine is one of inevitable day-by-day interruption. Predictable. Sometimes pleasant. But inevitable. His secretary, Bonnie Waite, heads off some, but as many get through as not, and McKay willingly cooperates. Tickets for old friends. Interviews. Information for coaches. Nick Pappas, who directs the booster clubs, has an idea to perk up McKay's weekly half-hour television show, *Trojan Huddle*. Dr. Norman Topping, the school president and architect of the \$106 million master plan for USC expansion, comes to practice just like any other red-hot Trojan fan and wants to know, just like any red-hot sportswriter, "How's Toby's rib cage?"

Meanwhile, the staff has subscribed to a variety of out-of-town newspapers to help keep tabs on the opposition troop movements, a customary but at best cursory attempt at reconnaissance. McKay reads the clips and rumors fly. One had Bradley hurt and a sophomore running at quarterback for Texas. Dave Levy couldn't believe the weights attributed to the Texas players. "This guy Williamson couldn't weigh 190. He weighed 242 as a freshman and he was an athlete then or they'd never have taken him." Levy heard from another school that two boys Darrell Royal had kicked off the Texas team in disciplinary action had

been reinstated. "Sounds like they're reading the same Texas newspapers we're reading," said McKay.

By Tuesday, most of the intelligence had been incorporated and game plans formulated, and McKay could sense what he wanted as he toyed at his desk with little models of football players. Offensively, a heavy burden was to be put on the quarterback (Sogge was to start over the injured Page). More plays would be called at the line of scrimmage—audibles—an hope of seeing and immediately exploiting a weakness. When caught in double pass coverage on a given side, Texas would face a run to that side. Single coverage, a pass. On some of these plays, like 93-T-Swing, the idea was to catch the Texas ends retreating for pass coverage and get O. J. Simpson loose in a one-on-one situation. McKay thinks there are not many players who can hold O. J. one-on-one. "Listen, you want to know how good O. J. is?" he said before practice one day. "He's bigger than Gale Sayers. And faster I don't exactly know what out-quick means, but he'll out-quick you, too."

Defensively, McKay planned to move his rover back to the weakness of the offense instead of the strength—to the split-end side instead of the blocking side. Texas basically uses a split-end attack. McKay's three-fold object was to reduce Bradley's effectiveness on the option play—preferably to make him keep the ball instead of giving it to Gilbert—shut off the cut plays back inside by Gilbert and pick up the power sweep. He was not overly awed by Bradley's passing ability.

The first few days were not good ones. McKay, at heart, is an assistant coach. He likes to get down in there with the players the way Bear Bryant used to do and really coach. He hasn't missed a practice in 18 years. Unfortunately, he demonstrated too many skills to remain an assistant forever, but he still gets down there with them when the time is right. He says of himself that he probably does more field coaching than the average head coach. He scorns the use of his new lookout tower. He will go up to the first level (20 feet), but he says any higher than that (30 feet) and he is subject to vertigo. His sharp eyes are everywhere, and when it is necessary his mouth is, too. "If they double-team you, you gotta get it to him right now, the hell with anybody else. . . . Dave, I want

continued

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you to try to impress that boy that 12 yards is two more than 10, see? Twelve is two more than 10. . . . This is a passing attack, baby, get the ball out there. . . . Damn, sometimes you have to hit a guy with a ball bat just to get him to pay attention."

On Tuesday and Wednesday the defense and, at times, the offense seemed confused. At one point after repeated instruction had failed, McKay went into the line and grabbed a defensive player by the back of his shoulder pads and forcefully leaned him into the right position. He ordered the middle guard off the field. "Just get off the damn field. You're not showing me a thing as a football player." Finally he gave up and sent the defense in early and, after watching the offense run the same play five times without managing to get it right, he sent them in, too.

The street lamps were casting the shadow of the statue of Tommy Trojan onto the wall of the administration building and the crickets were in concert when McKay headed for his car to go home on Wednesday night. Actually, he said, it was earlier than usual to be leaving during the week, but there wasn't much sense prolonging the agony. "Got two kids hurt in five minutes because they didn't seem to know what the hell they were doing. I figured they'd been out there long enough anyhow and there's no use practicing when you're going that bad."

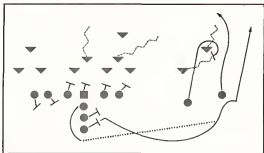
He had not talked to the players specifically about getting ready for Texas. He said it was not his policy, that the season has too many peaks for that and with a schedule as tough as USC's you could not concentrate too heavily on one opponent.

"I feel, too, as a head coach, if you continually talk to the team it becomes a matter of oh, dear God, what's he going to say now. Same thing, over and over. I'm not one to talk to the team all the time. It's like I tell Corky about the children. I'm going to tell them what I expect, and they're going to do it or all hell will break loose. I'm not going to be on them continually. If you keep telling them over and over, don't do this, don't do that, they wind up giving you that blank stare and that closed ear."

The McKays live in a handsome, rustic brown-shingled house, three bedrooms, a large den with a fireplace and a collection of footballs, trophies, pictures and a big color-TV-stereo console

continued

'THE KEY TO OUR TOUCHDOWN'



USC used the cover play, 93-T-Swing, three times against Texas, once with spectacular results. The Trojans were behind 0-7 in the second quarter and had a second and 10 on the Texas 35 when the play was first called. Quarterback Sogge retreated to pass and O. J. Simpson swung wide right as planned, but the Texas halfback covering USC Slot Back Jim Lawrence suddenly stopped when he spotted Simpson getting clear. Lawrence immediately shifted to 93-Z-Sideline—one

of the eight variations of the play. Wide open, he cut to the right sideline where Sogge hit him with a pass that took the ball to the Texas nine. Two plays later USC tied the score. "The play was the key to our first touchdown," McKay said later. The next time USC called the play (below), Simpson (No. 32) had 30 yards open ahead of him, but Texas End Mike Robuck (No. 87) leaped just high enough to touch the ball, averting a USC score. The last time, Sogge ran.



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MAN IN MOTION *continued*

There are five TV sets in the McKay house. He has a handsome pool in the backyard, built as a promise fulfilled to his kids when USC won the national championship in 1962.

"Home early," said Corky McKay at the side door. "Earliest you've been in two weeks."

"Wasn't much we could do."

"How'd it go? How was practice?"

"Oh, tremendous."

Corky made a face at the sarcasm.

For a long time that evening, after his four children were in bed, McKay sat in front of the color TV, half-watching and half-working on a piece of scratch pad x's and o's.

"Rock Hudson's only been married once, right?" Corky said. She had been watching a late movie with Rock Hudson and Doris Day.

"I don't know, Cork," said John McKay. "I've been so busy lately I haven't been able to keep up with the old Rock."

"Ohhhhh," said Corky.

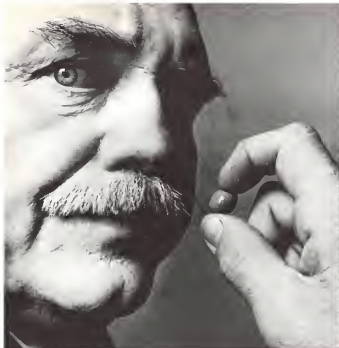
McKay put the felt pen down. "That's it, Cork," he said.

"I don't see how Texas can possibly make a first down." He smiled. "Until after the kickoff."

On Friday morning McKay packed his bag to move into the peacock and parrot suite for the weekend. The morning paper had USC a five-point favorite. "That's logical," he said wryly. "Maybe if we lose two more quarterbacks we'll be favored by 14." Michele, his 15-year-old daughter, had left a good-luck charm by his plate, as is her custom. This time it was a Mexican coin. A good-luck charm is whatever Michele wants it to be. McKay said, and put it in his pocket. They waved him goodbye and Corky called out. "Glad you got a chance to see us." McKay smiled to himself as he pulled out of the driveway.

John McKay's Saturday night pregame talk to his team is at first analytical, the last long look at contingencies, then swiftly to the point. He said they should know by now that Texas is a far better team than they had faced last week, but by the same token they could be a better team than they were last week. He said that it is always the story in Texas that nobody runs the football on the Longhorns, but that USC can run on anybody if they went about it right. He said that a lot of high-ranked teams had found out this day that you are only as good as the

continued



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game you have just played. And then he sends them out to play their game.

On the sideline there is a great, enormously exciting confusion of color and noise. Brass and garnet and white and drums and orange. The night is bracingly cool and the crowd is 67,000 strong, packed around the giant horseshoe, but those behind the USC bench have the strongest lungs. McKay is in the middle of it because he seems to control it. He is calling out defenses, calling out plays; he is watching the clock, the officials, the other sideline. When he makes a move, watch the other side because Darrell Royal, no less aware, will surely counter. Royal sends a man in and the number does not register in McKay's memory. "Who's No. 45? No. 45?" he shouts. They are detached by the battle going on between them, but they are as much in a fight as they would be if they were pugs brawling on a street. It is a testing game, and as time passes it becomes clear McKay is winning because he has better players and is using them brilliantly.

The players are sweating and some are bleeding, and though it is cool and he is in short sleeves McKay is sweating, too. Texas makes yardage on a throw-back pass and McKay calls to his defensive coaches to watch that throw-back pass. There are two crucial holding penalties in the first half, and they are both against USC, and McKay purses his lips, looks down and shakes his head slowly from side to side. He paces; he squats; he yells for reinforcements. He rams his toe into the grass, leaving divots when something goes against him, but that is all, and when there is success he only sets his expression and begins once again to stay one play ahead of the game. He is always one play ahead. Levy is yelling plays in one ear and Coury is yelling defenses in the other, and somehow McKay sorts them and makes decisions. Sometimes he stammers getting off an order as his mind races for the answer, but his answers seem always to be the right ones. O. J. Simpson limps off the field with cramps, and McKay calls for a trainer and expresses concern that maybe Simpson is being run too much.

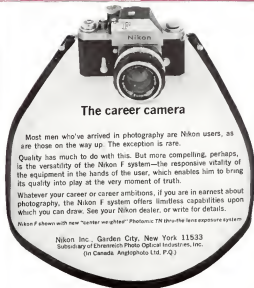
Texas has scored first, a painstaking 85-yard Bradley-Gilbert drive off a USC fumble in the first quarter. USC has fumed around and finally evened it at 7-7 on a slide around left end by O. J. Simpson, set up by a pass off 93-T-Swing. The half ends.

continued



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Jack Purcell

by B.F. Goodrich

MAN IN MOTION

McKay runs behind the team all the way to the dressing room for the half-time break. He stands before them, making changes, flashing chalk. He orders more passes on first down. He will now use two tight ends because double coverage by Texas has sealed off Split End Earl McCulloch, normally a key man in the USC attack. Texas has tried a spread formation, but otherwise what they are doing is no surprise. Texas was games on execution, not on surprise. Now McKay, turning analysis off and emotion on, shouts, "You ran in. They could hardly walk in. Now's the time to put it to them."

USC puts it to Texas. In the second half the play is taken away from Texas. End Tim Rossovich tackles Bradley as if Bradley has swindled his mother. Chris Gilbert tries the cut play and Rossovich takes a chunk of him, too. Safety Mike Battle is throwing his 175 pounds around like a madman. O.J. Simpson is rolling up yardage.

Little Sogge is getting better as the game goes on, and McKay is going with him all the way. Page could probably play, and he stands there waiting in a clean uniform, but no. Sogge hits Bob Miller for a touchdown. 14-7. Rikki Aldridge kicks a 30-yard field goal. 17-7.

Two of Sogge's passes are dropped when they should have gone for touchdowns. But it doesn't matter. Texas has made only two first downs since its touchdown drive in the first quarter. By the time Bradley finally gets Texas cranked up again to avoid a rout, Simpson, with 158 yards, has outstrided the entire Texas team. Super Bill and Gorgeous Gil included. O.J. has been a lizard, slithering in and out of slots and crevices. "He makes the three-yard run exciting," says McKay.

It is over. 17-13. McKay is swarmed upon by fans in the tunnel under the stadium. Finally he gets to the dressing room. He gives the game ball to Sogge. He tells his players it was a fine win. He tells them conditioning was a big factor. And he sits curling at 11:15, trying not to laugh. The players laugh.

At a fancy alumni party a little later, McKay cracks jokes and shakes hands and eats fancy little hamburgers with a toothpick. Just after midnight he leaves.

At 11 o'clock the next morning he is back in his office. In only six days USC must play Michigan State. John McKay has a big-game week ahead.

END



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Israel Vofsin talks it over with MONY man Allan Kemerer.

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PAINTINGS BY FRANKLIN McMAHON

The color and excitement of driven shoots for red-leg partridge, once reserved exclusively for the Spanish gentry, are now open to foreign guns willing to pay \$250 or more a day for exceptional sport in the grand manner. The evocative paintings on these pages depict a typical fall shoot offered by the Francisco Landaluze family of Madrid, which owns 75,000 acres of partridge-rich land and a luxurious hunting lodge 100 miles south of Madrid in the province of Ciudad Real, better known as La Mancha. It was through this hill country, lush in vineyards and olive groves, that Cervantes' Don Quixote traveled. Today sportsmen in Land-Rovers and heaters in a tractor-drawn cart pass through the tiny pueblo of Almedana under the curious gaze of the omnipresent Guardia Civil (top right) and then spread out in the foothills of the Sierra Morena (bottom right). On an average three-day La Mancha shoot, 12 guns hidden behind portable blinds of woven grass will often bag more than 1,000 partridge.







Beaters coming over the hill drive the partridges toward the hunters. A "cargador" carries the guns and portable blind, and a "secretario" keeps track of fallen birds and retrieves them after the drive.



The shooting continues, with the guns changing birds on each new drive, until lunch—entremeses and sherry, paella and local wine, fruit and cognac—is served. Then the shooters have another go at the birds.



GREAT SCOTT! GENE WON ANOTHER ONE

That's the cry that was heard for more than a week at Forest Hills as the author, a lawyer and weekend player who was competing just for fun, found himself in the national spotlight **by EUGENE L. SCOTT**

Out in the stadium a bright sun shone down on the center court at Forest Hills, but inside the blue-and-yellow-striped marquee where I was sitting it was cool and dark. Nearby sat John Newcombe of Australia. I am Gene Scott, a 29-year-old lawyer who works in Wall Street five days a week and who plays tennis only on weekends—if my wife doesn't have other plans. Newcombe, as you may have heard, is the recent Wimbledon champion, the best amateur player in the world. At 23 he, too, is married, but nothing interferes with John's playing tennis 12 months a year. Newcombe and I were about to leave the shade of the marquee and go out into that bright sun, into the huge stadium where 13,000 people and three television cameras awaited us.

We rose and walked down three little steps to the court so that we were visible to the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," came the announcement over the public-address system. "This is a semifinal-round match between Mr. John Newcombe of Sydney, Australia and Mr. Eugene Scott of New York. Mr. Newcombe is the Wimbledon champion, the top-seeded player in this tournament. . . ." The list of Newcombe's credits droned on for a full minute. Then it was my turn.

"Mr. Scott is a former member of the U.S. Davis Cup team and was formerly

ranked fourth in this country." I recalled the joke in which two players are introduced as the "former champion of— and a former member of—" and someone in the stands shouts: "Formerly this would have been a great match."

Newcombe and I walked out on the court and began to hit. As he checked his racket for a moment, I glanced at the packed stands above me, at the television camera pointing down and at the bright flags flapping in the breeze at the top of the stadium. "What in the world am I doing here?" I wondered. "How did I get here?"

I've always liked tennis. When I began fooling around with the game some 15 years ago, I had no desire to be the best in the world, only to have fun. I was on the tennis team at Yale, but hockey was my sport for six months of the year. It was only in my senior year that I began to play more seriously, and that was only because I realized that as soon as I graduated it was going to be very hard to round up a dozen friends or so for a friendly game of shinny. There was one other reason, too. A classmate of mine, Donald Dell, was about to be named to the Davis Cup squad, which meant he would travel around the world. It sounded like a good life.

So after entering the University of Vir-



LOOKING A BIT QUEASY AT THE PROSPECT

ginia Law School, I spent what little time there was between studies playing tennis. Ironically, Dell had also entered Virginia, and our daily practice sessions were almost as brutal as our studies. My game improved. That winter I beat Chuck McKinley and Roy Emerson (he was hurt) and was ranked in the Top Ten for the first time. In the summer of 1963 Dell and I, along with Allen Fox of Los Angeles, were selected to play the Davis Cup against Iran in Tcheran. I also won two American grass-court tournaments that summer—at Orange and Nassau—and because of them was ranked fourth.



OF PLAYING JOHN NEWCOMBE, DARK-HORSE SCOTT UNSHEATHS HIS RACKET AND FIXES AN UNCERTAIN EYE ON HIS OPPONENT

But that was it, the peak, the best I could do. I knew that my game would never reach the level of, say, Roy Emerson's and that I could never really expect to win at Wimbledon or Forest Hills. In fact, the best I ever did at either of those tournaments was reach the third round. I knew that reality loomed on the horizon: getting a job in a law firm and going to work, five days a week, 9-5. My days as a serious tennis player were over.

I went to work for a Wall Street law firm in the winter of 1963 and six months later got married. My assignments dur-

ing those first few months were basic: drafting wills and trust agreements and occasionally getting involved with the early stages of a corporate organization. The most trouble I had was squashing the occasional desire to junk it all and go back on the circuit. Fortunately I had a neighbor who kept stealing the sports section of the *Times* every morning so I couldn't see what splendid watering spots my friends were visiting from week to week. I became a weekend player in the true sense (in Texas, a weekend player is someone who practices every day and plays in tournaments on the weekend).

With some exceptions, my tennis was played only on Saturdays and Sundays, though the competition was pretty good —McKaney, Frank Froehling, Ron Holmberg, Dick Savitt and Bill Talbert, all of whom live in or near New York.

Being limited in this way, I entered this year's Nationals at Forest Hills with a distinctly light-hearted spirit. My wife Merrill had said to me almost a month before: "Please remember that September 8th and 9th are reserved for Andrea's bridal dinner and wedding."

"No problem," I replied. "That's when the quarters and semifinals are

continued

held, I'll be out by then, especially if I get my customary draw." In three recent years I had met Arthur Ashe, Bill Bowrey and Clark Graebner in the first or second round. Even if I got a lucky draw I would have to meet some good players in the third or fourth rounds I would be at Andrea's wedding, no question.

A week before the Nationals began I called up Ed Baker at the USLTA office to find out whom I was to play in the first round.

"One thing I'm certain of, Gene," he said. "It's not Newcombe. Just a minute, I'll check."

There was a moment of silence and then I could make out low laughter in the background. A barely audible but cheery voice said "That's right, I remember they were worried during the draw that there weren't going to be any interesting first-round matches. Then Gene's name was pulled out of the hat opposite Roche."

Baker returned to the phone. "Gene, I was right," he said. "You don't play Newcombe. You play Tony Roche. He's seeded third."

Do tell, I thought, but I merely thanked Mr. Baker and hung up. Well, that was it, in and out, just like that. At least I would have a chance to play (be humiliated?) in the stadium. I was so convinced that I would be eliminated by Roche that I agreed to give a tennis clinic on Saturday, the day after my match, and also agreed, wonder of wonders, to

play in the Husband & Wife tournament.

Friday morning, the day of the match, I got to the office at 9, Terry, my secretary, seemed in a remarkably chipper mood, even after I asked her to type up a bunch of stockholders' and directors' minutes. Then I remembered she was leaving for Dublin on vacation that night. Just as well. Terry is my conscience at work, greeting me with raised eyebrows whenever I take too long at lunch or leave the office early in the afternoon. With the Nationals going on, I would be leaving early a number of afternoons, if only as a spectator, and Terry's absence would make me feel less guilty.

I gave one of our partners some clubhouse passes for the Saturday matches, said goodbye to Terry and at 1:30 left by subway for The West Side Tennis Club. Not many people in the office knew I was playing in the tournament, for I have always tried to deemphasize that part of my life. More than once I have cringed after opening the *Monday Times* to read Allison Danzig saying something about my game. "Everyone will think I'm back on the circuit again," I have thought. Such things do little to convince my colleagues that I am serious about the law.

At Forest Hills, the first women's match had ended quickly so that I was too late to take advantage of a warmup, a privilege that in the early rounds is granted only to those players who are scheduled to play in the stadium or grandstand. Changing clothes quickly, I headed out along the gray-gravel path toward the stadium when I bumped into Ronnie Goldman, a law student and a fine player.

"Congratulations, lucky," he said with a smile.

"Sure, thanks," I mumbled, not particularly appreciating his sense of humor.

"You don't understand," Goldman continued. "I was just in the doctor's office and Roche was there. He can't raise his arm higher than his waist."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Start all over again."

"It's true," Ronnie insisted. "Tony got a shot in the side of the arm while I was in the room."

As I entered the marquee adjoining the stadium, I still was not certain whether or not Goldman was kidding Roche was nowhere to be seen, that was true, but on the other hand there was no murmuring from the press or officials' area, usually the foremost information centers on

the ground. Even Mike Dunne, chairman of the umpires at Forest Hills, kidded me about my draw and asked me what I was going to do the rest of the week. Rankled, I asked "If I win, will you buy my wife a new dress?"

Dunne grinned. "Sure, Gene, sure," he said.

And then suddenly there was Tony Roche entering the marquee and approaching me. He looked great—tall, strong, healthy. When we got out on the court, Tony spun his racket, won the toss and chose to receive rather than serve. That seemed suspicious. But when we started to rally Roche began hitting the ball better than I have ever seen him.

"Thanks a lot, Ronnie," I thought, and I resigned myself to my fate. Yet throughout the rally Roche did not ask me to hit him any jobs so that he could practice his overhead, and when the time came for him to practice his serve he could make only a feeble gesture. He shook his head and came up to the net.

"I have to default, mate," he said. "It's my bloody arm."

A win is one thing, but no one really enjoys a default. "Tony," I said, "I didn't hear a word. Let's see if we can't ask for a postponement."

There was no chance. The referee would not permit it, and even so, the doctor said Tony's arm would not be well for a week. So, for the first time in my life, I had beaten an Australian left-hander. I was now in the second round.

Or was I? A bit later in the day the referee asked me if I would be willing to play a substitute for Roche—John Yeomans—one of many alternates who had not been accepted for the tournament. I could refuse, but he thought it would be a nice gesture.

"Just think," he said. "You have a chance to be the only player in the history of the tournament who won and lost in the first round."

"Amusing," I thought, but I agreed to play Yeomans anyway. There were two reasons. I knew that Yeomans was a solid grass performer who should have been accepted for the tournament ahead of perhaps 20 other players who were in. More selfishly, I knew I needed the competition even though I also knew there would be moments during the match when I would regret the decision.

Our match was put on Court 15 (didn't they think Scotti-Yeomans was as exciting as Scotti-Roche?). Instead of the sta-

continued

TWO WINNERS who didn't play were Annette Newcombe (left) and Merrill Scott.

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dium crowd, we had about a dozen people watching us, perhaps half of whom were tired and were simply leaning against the fence to rest. Yeomans proved as difficult as I had feared, carrying me to 10-8 and 11-9 in the second and third sets. But at least I was definitely into the second round.

Because I had drawn Tony Roche in the first round, I had not bothered to examine the rest of the draw. Now, sitting in the locker room, I saw I had Tom Gorman of Seattle in the second round and, if I got by him, young Gary Rose, a Californian, in the third. Rose had had an exceptionally good early season, including a win over Stan Smith, the national hard-court champion. Strange how my attitude had changed in a few years. I used to feel that although there were countless good players around, they all had weaknesses I could exploit. Now my lack of constant competition made me worry about anyone who could rally a few times.

When I beat Gorman in straight sets on Sunday, my parents decided to come down from Vermont. Over the years my father has been a steady spectator at my matches, smoking about two packs of cigarettes per set, but this year my mother persuaded him to remain at home since I obviously would be out of the tournament quickly. Now they were anxious to watch.

Monday, Labor Day, was largely a day off at Forest Hills. I spent a long time on the massage table as Mr. Nelson, the masseur, tried his best to regroup some of the tired muscles in my back. In between rubs I attempted to pump him for information about the other players.

"Oh, Mr. Emerson had problems with his back at the beginning of the week," Nelson told me, "but he's much better now. Mr. Newcombe's shoulder is almost completely recovered. Do you know that Mr. Jan Leschly is the fittest sportsman I ever seen?"

None of this talk built up my confidence, so I went out to practice with Charlie Pasarell and Jim McManus. The next morning I went to work, then splurged and drove to Forest Hills where I met my father for a late lunch. While I changed, he rushed out to the grandstand court, getting there so early, as is his habit, he even beat the ushers. Gary Rose was good, winning the first set, but then my game improved and I took the next three. I was into the fourth round

against my old friend Ron Holmberg.

After the Rose match it was difficult to get any work done at all. There was a flood of phone calls from well-wishers who as often as not wondered if I had any spare tickets. I must have given the ladies at the office switchboard a headache. In between calls, I tried to figure out how to play Holmberg, a man I had not beaten in three years. I consider Ron to be the most talented strokemaker in the game, and I am not alone. This opinion, plus the fact that I had never reached the fourth round at Forest Hills before, did not make me optimistic. The only ray of hope came when my wife told me she had learned fourth hand that Linda Holmberg, Ron's wife, had said that her husband was concerned about playing me because "Gene has been using that steel thing, and he really has a lot of confidence in it."

The match lasted five sets, which somehow I knew it would after we had played only a set and a half. At one point I remember thinking that even if I lost I should be satisfied because I had played well. Later, however, all the old circuit venom must have started flowing, for I started thinking about national rankings—something that hadn't entered my mind in two years—and how a win over another American is the single most important factor in gaining a high ranking. I realized that I wanted to win very much and, lending 5-4 in the final set, one good retrieve plus a bad bounce against Ron gave me the victory. It was one of the most satisfying wins of my life.

My appearance at work on Friday was only token. By now all my colleagues in the office knew what was up, and when I left for the courts they wished me luck.

"I'll need it," I thought. My opponent was Owen Davidson, a member of the Australian Davis Cup squad and a man against whom I had never even won a set. Davidson is a circuit regular, playing around the world all year long. Worse, he is left-handed, and even when I was playing well I had trouble with left-handers. And yet for some reason I was confident. "Anyone who has gotten this far can win," I told myself, another Scott theory.

Grabner and Emerson had not yet started playing on the stadium court, and so our match in the grandstand drew a capacity crowd. I won the first set, but Davidson quickly took the lead in the second. Then his concentration seemed to

faller—I wouldn't have blamed him if he was overconfident—and suddenly he was in danger of losing the second set. "If he does," I remember thinking, "he may just lose it in." Lose the second set he did, and while he certainly did not give up—he had a set point against me in the third—I was able to win in three straight sets. It was difficult to believe, but I had reached the semifinals and would play John Newcombe, the Wimbledon champion.

I didn't have long to bask in the glory of my victory. As friend after friend offered congratulations, Merrill edged her way up to me, gave me a kiss and said: "We're due at Andrea's bridal dinner at 8." And so instead of telling newsmen some more of my old tennis theories, I showered, changed and spent the evening listening to some nice lady tell me about her lawyer-husband, who had recently gone to work in the underwriting department of a brokerage house downtown.

When we got home we found a pile of telegrams. One, from Dick Savitt, a regular practice partner, said, HAVE ARMORY COURT SUNDAY AT FIVE. NEED WIN OVER NATIONAL CHAMPION. BRING SOME GOOD USED BALLS NOT TOO GREEN. GOOD LUCK, SAV.

Saturday morning we faced a major crisis. Merrill's shoes for the wedding had not arrived. Listening to her handle the saleslady at Altman's fired my competitive spirit for my match with Newcombe. The wedding itself posed another problem, especially if the match went more than three sets. Newcombe and I were due to start around one. Merrill, who was a bridesmaid, was supposed to be dressed and at the church by 3:30, and the church was 10 miles from center court.

Thanks to John Newcombe, Merrill made the wedding in plenty of time. Though I had a few chances to break his serve, I was never able to, and after he won the first set he gained confidence and momentum. He won the next two sets without much trouble, and it was over as suddenly as it had begun. All during the match I was having so much fun that I could not believe I was losing. When it was over, I shook John's hand, wished him luck and hurried down the gravel path toward the clubhouse. It had been a good tournament, a lot longer tournament than I had planned on, and while it would have been nice if it had lasted one day longer, I had no regrets.

Andrea had a nice wedding, too. **END**

The Spartans get stabbed by Mac the Knife

Nobody thought the University of Houston was for real, and the result was strictly unreal at East Lansing last Saturday when the Cougars came north with their Warren McVea to dumfound poor Michigan State

Red Grange, you think as you sit there in the stands and watch, stood still. Tom Harmon only trotted. Glenn Davis shuffled. Surely all of the epic open-field runners in college football's history were arthritic Step 'n Fetchits compared to Woodruff Warren McVea, who runs like a blinking light, like a Zip Code, like a . . . a . . . oh, where are you, Roger's *Thesaurus*, now that a man really needs you? See. There goes McVea again, cracking through the cavern of Spartan Stadium in East Lansing, darting and wriggling, streaking and spinning, doing this Z, then this V, then a long — and finally a 6. And what Houston's Warren McVea is doing, of course, is humiliating mighty Michigan State by the surrealistic score of 37-7, and thereby escorting the season's first Doom Saturday into being.

Every year there are a couple of Doom Saturdays when a huddleful of highly rated teams take it on the chin strap. But this one came unusually early as no fewer than five members of everybody's Top 10 went crashing to the turf like a collection of wobble-legged blocking backs. Michigan State was first, and then, by the clock, went Miami, Alabama, Arkansas and Texas. But nowhere was a giant so utterly wounded, shocked and beaten as Michigan State.

The Spartans were winners of 19 of their last 21 games. They were co-national champions of the previous two seasons. They were at home before more than 75,000 people—their second largest opening-game crowd. And they were playing the University of Houston. As any college sports follower knows, Houston plays golf, not football.

Houston had indeed looked silly on the Michigan State schedule, especially when the game was first considered. It had been arranged only out of friendship, because Houston Coach Bill Yeoman had been on Duffy Daugherty's

staff and four years ago Duffy had given his old pal a chance to play in the big time. Sure, Bill. Bring your kids up for a game sometime. How about 1967? Who you got? Homero Blancas? Kermit Zarley? Rex Baxter? Terrific.

Unfortunately for the good-natured Duffy, what Houston showed up with last week was a gang of the speediest athletes this side of a bobsled run. Led by the 180-pound McVea, it looked as if everyone on Houston's team could run the hundred in 8.6. Not only did McVea squirt out of sight every time he got the ball, so did a split end named Kenny Hebert, who merely led the nation in scoring last year, a feat Yeoman blingly says was one of the best-kept secrets of 1966. And so did a little 5' 8" flanker named Don Bean, who comes out of the same high school in Beaumont, Texas as SMU's Jerry Levas and the Detroit Lions' Mel Farr. There were all sorts of other streaks on the Houston squad, like a fullback named Paul Gipson and a safety named Mike Simpson, who are described by Publicity Director Ted Nance as "only 9.5." No one in East Lansing would be surprised if Yeoman's splendid pair of offensive guards, Rich Stotter and Bill Pickens, aren't 9.5 men, too.

But speed alone only wins track meets. The Cougars had some other things going for them as well. For example, Yeoman had them totally unawed about being at East Lansing or playing before their biggest crowd ever. The Cougars' posse stood out like their red headgear. On Friday afternoon, when they arrived at the stadium for a workout, the Spartans were already there. Michigan State dressed first and poured into a tunnel just outside the Houston dressing room door. There, as they enjoy doing, the Spartans began a combination growl, chant, cleat stomp and clap, obviously designed to psych

their visitors. It built louder and louder.

In the Houston locker room, Yeoman listened for a minute and then turned to his Cougars, who were slipping out of their scarlet traveling blazers. "You can holler in the tunnel," he said. "But you play football out on that field."

The Houston players whooped with amusement, and some of them began to joke about another aspect of the game that helped them stay calm. The contest, several of them said, was merely for the "Beaumont city championship." Curiously, there were eight natives of Beaumont on the two teams, four and four. Several of the Spartans and Cougars knew each other extremely well. McVea, for one, was very close to Tody Smith, the ponderous Michigan State sophomore who is the younger brother of Bubba Smith.

"I kind of got a grudge for this game," said McVea. "I spent all summer with Tody and some of these other guys who've come up here, and I've been hearing about what the Spartans are gonna do to us. Then I got a letter from Tody last week asking me if I was ready to come up for the killin'."

A little later, when Houston came out on the field to practice, the Spartans and Cougars greeted each other. There was an interlude of Hi Tody, Hi Jess, Hi Warren, Hi Don, Hi Baby, plus a lot of palm slapping and wrestling around.

So Houston was not smothered by Michigan State's reputation, but it still might have been suffocated by the Spartan team. What now gives extra impact to the ease and scope of the upset is that the Spartans were not that bad and, in fact, were expected by Duffy not only to be pretty good physically, despite the loss of such stars as George Webster, Clinton Jones and Bubba, but emotionally just right.

On Friday, Duffy said, "We expect Jimmy Raye to be a more mature, more

consistent quarterback. Anyone who doesn't respect his throwing might get surprised. We've got some fine runners. And I've never felt so confident that a Michigan State team would go out there tomorrow and do a good job."

Daugherty naturally was concerned about Houston's quickness, and even more so about the fact that the Cougars had already played a game (beating Florida State, the team which would tie Alabama, by 33-13), but Michigan State was sure of itself and ready. "It's an old saying but a true one that a college team improves more between its first and second games than it does all year," said Duffy. "We'll make some first-game errors, but I hope we'll be good enough to overcome them." He clearly felt that his hope was well placed.

But Michigan State could have played blunderless football all afternoon and not overcome Houston's speed. The first time McVea (Mac the Knife, he is sometimes called) touched the ball he cut this way and that for 48 yards, and the second time he burst loose for 33 yards—both bobbing, weaving, beautiful runs that made it seem as if he were in Flint one second, Ann Arbor the next and Grand Rapids the next. You knew then that the Spartans were in trouble. Later, on the same play, an off-tackle quickie called 23-G, he went 50 yards for a touchdown—well, 50 in the statistics, but more like 80 what with all his cuts and feints. A run by Wendros Warren seems to last six or seven minutes.

McVea was so effective that even when he did not have the ball the whole Michigan State defense sort of fell down trying to make certain Jess Phillips and Drake Garrett, two of the Spartans' old campaigners in the secondary who have defended against the likes of Nick Eddy, Mel Farr and Jim Grabowski during their careers, were pane-stricken on the field and numb later.

"He's the best back I've ever seen," moaned Garrett. "His moves . . . You don't know what he'll do next. He's there . . . and then he's not."

None of the Cougars were there, not for long. When McVea wasn't dashing off, others were, scoring touchdowns from insulating distances. Quarterback Dick Woodhill, running the offense from a spread formation and throwing anywhere on the field, in the fashion of the pros, fired passes to Keney Hebert and Don Bean for touchdowns,

CONTINUED



AWAY ON A TYPICAL RUN, McVEA (No. 42) FINDS PATH BLOKED, SO HE CUTS LEFT



ELUDING ONE FALLEN SPARTAN, HE IS NOW COMING DIRECTLY ACROSS THE FIELD



TURNING UPFIELD AGAIN, HE IS HORSE-COLLARED, BUT SHAKES FREE FOR 40 YARDS



and Woodall's sub, Ken Bailey, set up a score with a 32-yarder to Hebert. And Mike Simpson went 41 yards for a touchdown with an interception before the Spartan who threw it could get his arm screwed back on and give chase. It was all so easy, exactly 37-7 easy.

More than slightly bewildered by the worst defeat of his Michigan State career, Duffy Daugherty was still congenial and honest after the game. "We're not this bad," he said. "But even if we'd played better, it only would have made the score closer. That team of theirs, you either catch 'em for a loss—or boom!"

Meanwhile, over in the giddy Houston dressing room, there was hollering about winning that Beaumont city championship and Bill Yeoman was saying that now maybe his players would get some recognition. He said he had known

Wondrous Warren was the greatest runner in America for a couple of years, even if nobody else did.

And there was shave-headed, broad-smiling McVea himself, who had 258 yards in two games for a modest average of only 8.9 per carry (last year his average was 8.8), wondering if Toddy Smith was going to wait around for him. "I want to talk to him about the kiln!" he grinned.

Then he said it had not been one of his better games, not even considering the importance of it, because he has this sprained ankle, see, and, shoot, he has this pulled thigh muscle, and he really has not been able to move too good yet, and, . . .

Sure, Warren, sure. But don't tell it to Toddy.

—DAN JENKINS

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST 1. ARMY (1-0) 2. SYRACUSE (1-0) 3. NAVY (1-0)

All week long Navy's Bill Elias and Penn State's Joe Paterno had worried about their defenses. "We have our best men on offense," confessed Elias. "We're inexperienced," complained Paterno. Last Saturday, in a wild game at Annapolis, their teams proved how right they were—1,185 yards of proof. Navy amassed 564 yards on passes, runs and kick returns while the Lions gained 621 in all. The two offenses traded touchdowns and field goals back and forth for much of the game, and the Middles seemed lost when Quarterback Tom Sherman's 20-yard touchdown pass to Halfback Bob Campbell and Campbell's two-point run put Penn State ahead 22-17 with 1:44 to play. But Navy Quarterback John Cartwright began throwing little sideline passes and, with 57 seconds left, the Middles were on State's 16-yard line. On the next play, Split End Rob Taylor cut up the middle and was free in the end zone, where Cartwright hit him for a 23-22 Navy win.

When precession practice began, Army Coach Tom Cahill had two quarterbacks. Then, suddenly, he had none. Second-stringer Jim O'Toole suffered a shoulder separation and Starter Steve Lindell went to the hospital with a gastrointestinal disorder. However, Roger LeDoux, an unheard-of sophomore, took over stylishly against Virginia. He completed 10 passes, seven of them simple down-and-outers to Split End Terry Young, and ran for 52 yards. When that was

combined with the work of Van Evans, a 5' 9" sprinter up from the 150-pound team, who returned a punt 41 yards for a touchdown and scored another on a 24-yard sweep, Army was a winner 26-7.

Syracuse, despite a tenacious defense that held Baylor to four yards rushing, staggered on offense until sophomore Quarterback Rich Panczykyn got into the game. His passing limited because of a sore arm, Panczykyn started up the Orange with his running, and Syracuse finally beat Baylor 7-0.

Pitt never had a chance against UCLA, as the Bruins' new running star, Greg Jones, picked up 160 yards, Quarterback Gary Belton ran for two touchdowns and soccer-style Kicker Zenon Andrusyshyn made two field goals and four extra points. The result was a 40-8 UCLA win. "UCLA is better than last year," said Pitt Coach Dave Harp. Maybe. Last year UCLA won 57-14.

Two New England teams went in for close ones. Boston College barely made it past Villanova 27-24 on Bob Gallivan's 25-yard field goal with 35 seconds to go, and Boston U. took Colgate 20-14 on Quarterback Tom Thornton's late touchdown pass.

THE SOUTH 1. GEORGIA (1-0) 2. ALABAMA (0-0-1) 3. TENNESSEE (0-1)

When Florida State's Kim Hammond passed for a touchdown and Walt Sumner ran back a punt 75 yards for a 14-0 lead in the first six minutes of the game, it was presumed by everybody in Birmingham's 70,000-seat stadium that Alabama would make the

Seminole pay dearly for their arrogance. Alabama had only given up 37 points all last season, and no team scored more than 14 points against them. You don't do that. Sure enough, Kenny Stabler, out of Coach Bear Bryant's doghouse and moo action, soon had "Bama" ahead 15-14 on a two-yard run and a scoring pass to Dennis Norman. But Florida State kept tearing at Alabama's defense, and slow as a Southern down the realization came that maybe on this night Alabama did not have a pass defense. Hammond threw completion after completion—he had 23 for 280 yards—Grant Guthrie kicked three field goals and, with four minutes to go, Alabama was leading still, but by a mere 37-30. Then Hammond brought Florida State downfield again, finishing a 65-yard drive with an eight-yard pass to Bill Moreman for a touchdown, and Guthrie kicked the point for a 37-37 tie. Never at Alabama, and not since 1954 when Texas Tech beat his Texas A&M team 41-9, had anybody scored that many points against a Bear Bryant team. "That," Bryant said sadly, "was the worst effort I ever got from a defensive team." Why did FSU Coach Bill Peterson go for the tie? "Well," he said, "I wasn't going to mess up 60 minutes of great effort by failing on a two-point try."

Mississippi received a rude shock, too. Memphis State, which had never beaten Die Mocs in 22 tries, turned on its old tormenters. Two long kick returns and a 26-yard run by sophomore Quarterback Rick Thurew won for the Tigers 27-17.

Of the Southeastern Conference powers, only Georgia avoided the quicksand as it rolled over Mississippi State 30-0. But Coach Vince Dooley was not happy about it. "Too many fumbles," he complained. Florida showed some muscle, overpowering Illinois 14-0 on the running of sophomore Quarterback Jack Eckdahl and Halfback Larry Smith, and Auburn battered Chattanooga 40-6. But LSU needed a seven-yard run by Halfback Glenn Smith with 29 seconds left to overtake Rice 20-14. Vanderbilt lost to Georgia Tech 17-10.

It took Clemson a while to get over the shock of losing Quarterback Jimmy Addison with a knee injury early against Wake Forest, but Head Coach Frank Howard heeded his assistants who advised, "Don't do nothing fancy." Halfbacks Buddy Gore and Jack Jackson ran the Deacons down and Clemson won easily 23-6. South Carolina, perhaps an ACC challenger, came from behind to beat North Carolina 16-10, while North Carolina State took Buffalo 24-6. West Virginia, the best in the Southern Conference, was no match for VMI, winning 21-9.

Virginia Tech, starting slowly, erupted with 21 points in the last quarter to roll over William & Mary 31-7, and Tulane was surprised by Miami of Ohio 14-3.

continued

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THE MIDWEST 1. NOTRE DAME (1-0) 2. COLORADO (2-0) 3. PURDUE (1-0)

Miami's hopes for a national championship expired all but unborn quite unexpectedly in a most unlikely place, Northwestern's Dyche Stadium. The Wildcats, who had been steaming all week over a clipping from a Miami paper that branded them as "patents," did everything they were not supposed to do against the esteemed Hurricanes. They put a 5'9" defensive back—Dennis White—on Jim Cox and Steve Smith, Miami's touted receivers, and he stopped them cold. They ran around Ted Hendricks, the big defensive end people are not usually anxious to challenge. And then, with 4:13 left to play and the score 7-6, they pulled off a sick piece of razzle-dazzle that they had worked on in secret and caught Miami doing. The play started like a power sweep with Quarterback Bill Melber handing off to Halfback Chico Kurzwaks. Only Chico did not sweep. Instead he stopped and threw a pass to Melber, who had swung left and gone down and out. It was good for nine yards and the touchdown that shocked the Hurricanes 12-7. "We knew they wouldn't be looking for it," said Coach Alex Agase. "Who's going to set up a pass defense to cover a quarterback as a receiver?"

Notre Dame had no such problems, and California Coach Ray Wilsey says the Irish probably won't have any the rest of the season. Wilsey thought the only chance he had was to go strong on passing. So Notre Dame's alert defense destroyed California's passing game with four interceptions. It took Quarterback Terry Hennerty a while to get the Notre Dame offense going, but once he did, it was all over for Cal. Hanratty completed 15 of 30 passes for 208 yards and two touchdowns, ran for another and Notre Dame coasted 41-8.

Except for Michigan State, the stay-at-homes in the Big Ten had a profitable afternoon. Despite some bumbling, Michigan's inexperienced team managed to squeeze past Duke 10-7. But Quarterback Dick Vidmer was far from sharp and Frank Titus' winning 27-yard field goal, with 16 seconds left, was not exactly a boomer. He shook the ball, and it floated lazily like a soaked bubble, barely clearing the crossbar.

Minnesota Coach Murray Warmath tried four quarterbacks before sophomore Phil Hagen finally got the Gophers going against Utah. With Minnesota behind 12-7, Hagen threw a 28-yard pass that End Chip Litten took away from Utah's Jim Street in the end zone. The steal won for the Gophers 13-12. Indiana spotted visiting Kentucky 10 points before sophomore Quarterback Harry Goss pitched two touchdown passes to earn the Hoosiers a 12-10 victory. Iowa, too, fared well, beating TCU 24-9.

Missouri Coach Dan Devine, a noted

pesimist, worried that his untested secondary would not be able to handle SMU's 5'4" quarterback, Ines Perez, and his game-winning receiver, Jerry Lewis. So Halfback Johnny Davis intercepted one SMU pass and ran it back 53 yards for a touchdown, and Safety John Neyer picked off two. Roger Wehrle, another defensive back, returned a punt 64 yards for a score and, in between, Quarterback Gary Kornbrink stamped the Mustangs with 128 yards in runs as Missouri won 21-0. Oklahoma had it just as easy against Washington State. Quarterback Bob Warmack ran 15 yards for one touchdown, threw to Wingback Eddie Hinton for another and the Sooners took the game 21-0.

Although the season was only two weeks old, Ohio U. had a solid hold on the Mid-American Conference. The Bobcats trimmed Marshall 48-14 on the passing of Cleve Bryant and the 129-yard running of Dick Conley for their second conference win. In non-league games, Toledo rolled over Xavier 24-7. Kent State swamped Northern Illinois 35-0 and Bowling Green opened with

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Houston's Warren McVee, tantalizing Michigan State with his body fakes and speed, ran 50 yards for a touchdown, got away on two other long runs and gained 155 yards to demoralize the entire Spartan defense.

THE LINEMAN: Rob Taylor, Navy apte and who caught the winning pass in the final minute against Penn State, grabbed 10 in the game for 140 yards and then explained "Why drop one? It's a long run back to the huddle."

a 29-0 victory over the Quantico Marines. Independent Dayton outscored Cincinnati 27-13, while Louisville shut out Southern Illinois 26-0.

THE WEST 1. USC (2-0) 2. UCLA (2-0) 3. WYOMING (2-0)

Before USC applied the icing late Saturday night against Texas (page 22) most of the Pacific Eight had baked a fine victory cake. Washington's defenders hounded Wisconsin into minus 26 yards on the ground in a 17-0 victory, though Coach Jim Owens still had problems with his new attack, one that all too often looked new to the Huskies themselves. "We were ragged, still too sloppy," he complained, referring to about everybody on the offensive unit except Quarterback Tom Manke. Manke, subbing for the injured Tom Spurlin, carried 20 times for 88 yards and one touchdown and passed 44 yards to Harrison Wood for another touchdown. Stanford lost a 14-0 lead against Kansas, fought back to go ahead 21-17 on Fullback Jack Root's third touchdown and

managed to survive for a 21-20 victory. Oregon State Quarterback Steve Preece ran for 107 yards, mostly on roll-outs, and scored three times to lead the Beavers past Arizona State 27-21.

In Eugene, 27,000 turned out in Oregon's new Autzen Stadium to watch the Webfoots' torrent high-rated Colorado, doing everything to the Buffaloes except beat them. Oregon gave the ball away nine times on six pass interceptions and three lost fumbles, but Coach Jerry Frei still only had praise for his team. "Our kids just decided in that second half that we weren't going to get beat," he said. And the kids were almost right. Behind 17-0 on Quarterback Bob Anderson's 18-yard run, a 58-yard touchdown pass and John Farler's field goal, Oregon came back with 13 points of its own in the second half and ended up with 347 yards total offense to the Buffs' 261.

Wyoming, behind Quarterback Paul Toscano, who threw four scoring passes, smothered Air Force 37-10. "They turned the game into a track meet, and we just don't have track stars," sighed Falcon Captain Neal Starkey. Brigham Young, using three potent quarterbacks, swamped New Mexico, 44-14.

It was a long time coming. After 21 straight games without a victory, Kansas State finally got one, a 17-7 triumph over Colorado State. A 29-yard field goal by Mike Bruhin, Cornelius Davis' one-yard plunge and Bill Nease's 49-yard pass to Ovie Can won it for the Wildcats. "A fantastic effort by a group of kids who have had their rumps kicked too often," said new Coach Vince Gibson. "Some of the doubting Thomases who were just hopefully with us can now come out of the woodwork."

THE SOUTHWEST 1. HOUSTON (2-0) 2. TEXAS (0-1) 3. ARKANSAS (0-1)

The Southwest Conference would just as soon forget there ever was Saturday Seven of its eight members—from mighty Texas and Arkansas to Baylor and Rice—took beatings. Texas A&M, a 24-20 loser to Purdue in the steamy Cotton Bowl, had to contend with Sophomore Mike Phipps, a Purdue quarterback who brings to mind Bob Griese. Phipps accounted for one touchdown and set up two others while completing 17 of 35 passes for 269 yards. But A&M's anguish is nothing to that at Arkansas. Before a partisan crowd of 53,000 in Little Rock, the happy Hogs came out to open their season with a laughter over Oklahoma State and ended up as stuck pigs instead, losing 7-6. After taking a 6-0 first-quarter lead, the Razorbacks stumbled the rest of the way, giving the Cowboys their chance to win on Fullback Jack Reynolds' 13-yard run in the fourth quarter. Texas Tech, the only SWC team to state face, did it against hapless Iowa State, 52-0. **END**



Johnny Bower, golftender for the Toronto Maple Leafs, took his wife's convertible to training camp in Peterborough, N.H. Mrs. Bower wanted the white car painted black, and Bower was checking around on prices when he ran into Coach **Punch Imlach**. "Give me \$50 and I'll get the job done for you," Imlach volunteered. He did. He and a friend had the car painted red, green, blue, black, orange, fuchsia and yellow—with pink stripes and Maple Leaf decals adorning doors, trunk and hood. "Hi, John," Imlach greeted Bowers affably. "They've delivered your new car," Bower took a look and screamed, "What'll my wife say? I can't drive it back to Toronto like this! I'll cause an accident." The car did cause such an upheaval that Bower finally had it in a parking lot and never even thanked Punch Imlach for the \$3.50 change from his \$50.

Golfer **Sam Snead** (above) has made the run from White Sulphur Springs to Greensboro, N.C. plenty of times, ordinarily just dropping by to win the Greensboro Open, but this time he came for the beginning of

North Carolina's dove season. Sam had a brand-new gun, and there were plenty of doves in West Virginia. There was also a law against shooting them, a state of affairs that a hunter can stand for just so long. So Snead took off to Greensboro for a day's shooting with Mayor **Casson Bain**, bagging his limit of 12 doves and obviously enjoying himself, because he broke his own rule about sports that build up only one arm (in this case, the left). He will not fly-fish, for example, because the action is all in one arm. For his day of dove hunting, however, he got out there and cheerfully risked lop-sidedness.

John Mackey of the Baltimore Colts had a good day against Atlanta recently, but that evening things started going pretty much downhill. John owns a carry-out shop in Baltimore, and it was robbed, at gunpoint, of \$75. The next day Mackey got over to the shop to check out his exact losses, only to find that during the night an apparently stronger thief had broken into the store. He had taken the safe, with \$500 in it.

"We didn't see any Secret Service agents," said R. W. Gardner, secretary of the Harrisburg Beagle Club the other day. "If they were around they kept pretty well hidden in the brush." This, of course, left unprotected a 13-inch hound named Greeson's Chum whose owner was listed on his field-trial entry form as **L. B. Johnson**, Address, Washington, D.C. "It all turned out to be a lot of fun," Gardner went on. "First of all we called the judges together and kidding-ly warned them about letting political or personal feelings enter into the decisions. Then someone suggested we might have played *Hail to the Chief*, but we didn't have any musical instruments." For all of Greeson's Chum's friends in high places he failed to take anything

as the competition, and the best the judges could say for him was that he had a glossy coat and was in good shape. Perhaps LBJ should have come to Harrisburg to keep the dog company. Former major league ballplayer **Zeke Bonura** ran his own beagle and took a first in the 15-inch hound class.

Maximilian Schell (below) is an actor who relaxes, if you can call it that, by working on his soccer. Schell is in Madrid to make a film, *Exit of Java*, and on his rest breaks he turns up at the Real Madrid stadium to practice with the team's famed Ferenc Puskas, who feels that Schell has a good deal of natural talent. Be that as it may, for the son of a poet Schell certainly appears to have a fierce feeling for the game.

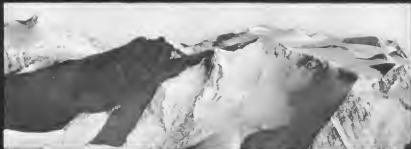
The National Hard Crab championship seems to be as much in doubt as the World Boxing title. The National Hard Crab Derby was held in Crisfield, Md. recently, and a crab named Aloha knocked 42 seconds off the record, completing the 16-foot downhill course in 18 seconds flat. Aloha, however, was a Ha-

waiian sand fiddler, and after a Louisiana sand fiddler took the Derby in 1960 a rule was passed barring all but edible entries. Aloha squeaked through on a technicality—he might be included among exotic dishes in Hawaii. No exotic dish that Maryland's Governor **Spico T. Agnew** is about to have any part of, though. Agnew presented the Governor's Trophy but said of Aloha, "He ran like hell, but I wouldn't eat him on a bet."

What is England coming to? Young **Viscount Crosshurst**, last year's captain of Eton's cricket team, wants to turn professional. Old Etonians have led county cricket teams as amateurs, but no one seems able to recall any of them joining the ranks of the salaried. A paid viscount is going to rub hob with the English distinction between "gentleman" and "player," the former being, of course, an amateur and the latter a professional, each with his own door to the clubhouse. If England keeps letting down the standards, before you know it some Englishman is going to fail to dress for dinner in the jungle.



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Putting the flimflam on the slickers from the city

When it's time for the Little Brown Jug, Ohioans know that the thing to do is hustle the strangers and beat their horses, as Jim Hackett did

Thin-Dime Murphy, a harness-horse groom in the town of Delaware, Ohio, was waiting when Hugh Grant turned up last week—just as he waits every year for the Pennsylvania horse owner to arrive for the Little Brown Jug. Thin-Dime took a big wrinkled hand from his deep coverall pocket and shoved it toward Grant, smiling and winking. "Well, well," he said slowly, "how are you? And how are them shoes doing?" Years ago Grant's son Andy was working for Del Miller's stable and came to Delaware with no money and holes in his shoes. Thin-Dime, in a rare moment of solvency, bought him a pair. "And I have paid him for those shoes every year since then," said Hugh Grant.

Grant paid again last week, and he will undoubtedly go on paying for years. The

fact that Andy left the racetrack to become a stockbroker has, if anything, merely upped the price. "I wonder," Thin-Dime asks now, "how them shoes of mine are doin' on Wall Street?"

Thin-Dime was merely doing what almost every horse-loving citizen of central Ohio believes should be done on the occasion of the Little Brown Jug, second leg of the Triple Crown for pacers. Invaders from Wall Street or Roosevelt Raceway or even Pennsylvania are meant to be hustled, needed or, ideally, defeated on the track. Ohioans consider themselves the sole owners and protectors of the best traditions of harness racing. You may hear a lot about those expensive horses bred in Kentucky or Pennsylvania, Ohio, they remind you, breeds more Standardbreds than any other state.

Those purses at Roosevelt or Yonkers may be twice as big as the Jug's \$84,778 pot last week. "But don't let anyone kid you," said Driver Jim Hackett. "This is the pace that counts—for anyone from Ohio and, hell, for most anyone else, too." When Hackett won this year's Jug with Samuel Huttenbauer's Best of All, Thin-Dime Murphy—without even a nod to George M. Cohan—chortled. "When you take your horses outside Ohio you're just campin' out."

Local hopes were not especially bright early in the week, mainly because Best of All was facing Romulus Hanover, winner of the first Triple Crown race, the Messenger, and one of the fastest pacers of all time. In addition Trainer Billy Haughton brought two of Romulus' capable stablemates from New York, and Hackett and most of the people in Delaware hinted darkly of a big-city conspiracy against them. It was an unfair charge: Haughton's three horses had different owners, and he had no intention of using the other two to help Romulus win. "If I ever started doing that," he said, "I sure wouldn't have the owners of the other two colts very long."

Hackett's supporters gathered early

continued



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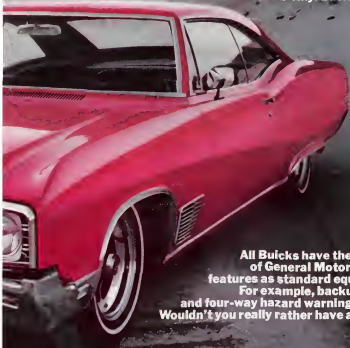
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Thursday morning near Best of All's stall. "You can bring the Jug back to Ohio," one said, "no matter what those city horses try to do," Hackett said, "I'll sure try, but there's three of them and only one of me." A few staunchly loyal Ohioans predicted that he would get help from two animals named Redigo Adios Bill and Jerry Gauman. They came from the neighboring towns of McCutcheonville and Washington Court House, but they unfortunately had never indicated that they could pace very fast. Ohio's honor clearly depended on Best of All, last year's juvenile champion, and on Hackett, a skillful horseman who grew up about 35 miles from Delaware in London, Ohio. "I know Romulus is very fast," Jim said. "But he's not too smooth-gaited. He can make mistakes."

A few hours later a steady rain forced Jug officials to postpone the race until Friday. Since everyone in the area gets the afternoon off on the Thursday of the Jug, and most of them had arrived at the county fair track laden with food and drink, the disappointed citizens soon launched what may have been the longest cocktail party in the history of central Ohio. By evening countless people were being carried or helped from picnic sites and bars, many offering to wager huge sums on Best of All. Only a few horsemen found more sober pursuits around Delaware; they met with F. Lee Bailey, new attorney for their national association, and Bailey brought along his celebrated client from Cleveland, Dr. Sam Sheppard. Haughton looked at Bailey's motel room and recalled, "I stayed here in 1964 when I won the Jug with Vigar Hanover." Sheppard said, "That was the year I got out of the jug."

By posttime Friday the track was dry and the weather cloudy and cold. The crowd was smaller, since even in Delaware some bosses refuse to grant two-day holidays just for a horse race, but the mood was the same: visitors to the barns showed respect for Romulus and downright love for Best of All. During the warmups Haughton spoke with Del Insko, who drove Nardins Byrd for him, and with Johnny Chapman, who handled Meadow Paige, but he gave no orders. Chapman wondered what Billy himself planned to do, since Romulus had drawn the extreme outside post. "I don't even know yet," Haughton said. "I'll have to see what develops."

What developed gave Billy no choice

Romulus hit his head on the gate before the start and had to be eased back as Nardins Byrd took the lead. Hackett, leaving from the sixth post with Best of All, found a perfect spot, third along the rail. Once Romulus got going Haughton drove him up on the outside toward the lead. Then, inexplicably, Romulus Hanover went off stride. The brilliant burst of speed that had won 14 of 16 starts for him and subdued Best of All in five of their six meetings that year suddenly became a rough, bounding effort. He recovered fairly quickly from the break but never raced smoothly for the rest of the heat. Best of All took the advantage and rushed into the lead after half a mile



JIM HACKETT KEPT THE JUG AT HOME

Haughton made one more desperate drive at the three-quarters, and then any doubts about collusion should have been quelled, as Insko cut out in front of him with Nardins Byrd. ("I drove him like he was my own horse," Del said. "That was the idea, wasn't it?") Romulus weakened once more, and Best of All paced strongly through the short stretch to hold off Nardins Byrd by a neck.

The second heat should have been even easier for Best of All, but Hackett made a costly mistake—one that almost anyone else who has seen Romulus would also have made. Romulus took the lead after a quarter, and Best of All, pacing smoothly along the rail, wanted behind him. Approaching the three-quarters, Insko moved Nardins Byrd from third place, and Hackett chose to let him go. To Jim's surprise, Nardins Byrd moved easily to the front and Romulus again

weakened badly, shuffling Best of All back to fourth before Hackett could get off the rail. Once clear Best of All closed very fast on the far outside, but Nardins Byrd had already opened an insurmountable lead. The useful bay colt, a \$2,500 yearling bargain for Owner Arthur Nardins, stole the heat.

"Who in hell would have moved off the rail?" Hackett said. "Here I am, right behind Romulus, and he can outbrush every horse I've ever seen. I figured I could wait till he beat off Nardins Byrd and then go out after him."

Haughton was just as surprised. "My horse wasn't rough-gaited that time," he said. "He just didn't show any speed, and he's never done that before." Then he looked at Romulus, who was shivering in his stall, and called for his veterinarian, Dr. John Steele. It took them only a minute to decide that the colt was sick. Calmly and quietly Haughton walked toward the paddock judge to scratch the fastest horse he's ever driven. Owner John Froehlich's reaction again showed why he is one of the most deserving men who ever owned a great horse. Froehlich won one Jug 12 years ago, but was not there to see it. This time he had brought a large entourage from Brookville, N.Y. "Anything you and Billy decide is fine," he told Steele. "I'm in no hurry to run him if he's not right."

With Romulus out the third heat was virtually a match race between Nardins Byrd and Best of All. Eddie Cobb took an early lead with Honest Story, but Hackett made a decisive move near the quarter to take command. Moving from third on the last turn, Nardins Byrd gave his usual game effort but weakened near the wire. "After that bad luck in the second heat," Hackett said, "I knew I had the best horse, so I took the lead early to stay out of trouble. I never had have to whip him in this heat." Hackett and Huttenbauer, a popular sportsman from Cincinnati, agreed that it was their finest moment in 18 years together, and Del Miller spoke for many horsemen when he said, "It's always a good thing when people like these win a big one."

But Miller, like Grant, is a Pennsylvania outsider. It took Curly Smart, the colorful horseman who won the very first Jug in 1946 and is now semiretired in Delaware, to sum it all up for his son-in-law Hackett. "You flummoxed those New Yorkers on the right day and in the right place—right here at home." **END**

The Bruce and Denny show makes a fast buck

By winning in Canada two unlikely New Zealanders named Bruce McLaren and Denis Hulme, racing sports cars built by McLaren and powered with Chevy hot-rod engines, continued their runaway in the rich Can-Am series

Mosport, Canada, is a rustic Toronto suburb just on the outskirts of Hurricane Beulah. Denis Hulme and Bruce McLaren are a pair of fast-moving New Zealanders whose hobby is collecting North American money. Last week they carried off a truckload as Hulme won the Player's 200 sports car race in a car built by McLaren, and Bruce himself finished second in a twin of the winning car. Hulme got so far ahead of everybody else that he drove the last lap with a flat tire—at a mere 75 mph—and they still couldn't catch him. There is every chance they won't catch him until some time next year, if ever.

That thought depresses the big names who have been snarling along after Hulme and McLaren, because the fall Canadian-American series has become one of the richest and most glamorous runs of all time, worth \$460,000 this year. Mosport was the third of six events and Hulme's third victory.

Everybody who was anybody in road

racing was there for a crack at Hulme. They rolled into Canada with low, fat, brutish Group 7 racers—which means 500-hp, mid-engined monsters that loaf along at 175 mph on straightaways and take corners with such lumbering ferocity that bystanders flinch. The drivers hide themselves so far in the bowels of the cars that only their knuckles and the tops of their helmets are visible.

The racers had to blast 80 times around a 2.45-mile circuit boasting nine tight turns and two faster bends, over punishing bumps and through black woods that figured to be full of grizzlies.

Track officials had calculated there was room for 30 cars all mixing it up at once out on the course. They got together a crowd of 23,978 to watch the show. (Only 16,000 of them paid. Everybody else sneaked in through the forest.) By Saturday, after much rain from Beulah's northern backlash and some wild hanging around in practice, only 26 cars were ready for Denny, and

when he got through with them only 15 were still running.

Not that he won laughing. On the first loop around he lost control at full bore, and skittered sideways and backwards through a few turns. Then, with a lap and a half to go, 30 seconds ahead of the pack, he did it again. This time he gouged out a sandbank, redesigning the left side of the car, and popped a tire. By the time he got all straightened around the car was spewing sparks, smoke and a few bolts and trailing the pungent smell of burning fiber glass. "But, no matter," he said afterward, mountaintop calm. "I would have driven it that last lap even if the wheel had come off. You can do that with my balanced chassis, you know."

Now, everybody knows it is impossible for two poor little Kiwis to find wealth and happiness among all the sharks assembled for the Can-Am series.

Dan Gurney, Jim Hall and Mario Andretti, to name three—so it is instructive to take a look at the reasons why.

Hulme is 33, a giant, bulldog-jawed man who posed for years as a quiet, mild-mannered mechanic for a frequent world champion, Jack Brabham, until Jack discovered he could really drive those cars. And so, all of a sudden, Hulme becomes *Andy's Rookie* of the Year, takes the point lead for the 1967 world championship and starts running away with the Can-Am.

McLaren, a gentle, fragile, 30-year-old who began racing 14 years ago, said: "It was a natural combination. As far back as 1964 I bought an old Cooper Formula 1 car from your American, Roger Penske. We chopped it about a bit, then put an Oldsmobile engine in it. But I learned an important thing: it is wise to concentrate on one or two forms of racing instead of flitting about. When the Can-Am series took shape two years ago, I began getting ready solely for this."

McLaren got ready with a vengeance.



HULME MUSCLES HIS SUPERBLY PREPARED McLAREN CHEVY AROUND MOSPORT BEND

He 1) spotted Hulme and signed him; 2) designed a car for each of them (Hulme's is two inches longer, the only concession to his bulk); and 3) got Goodyear and Shell so enthusiastic about the project that they put together what is considered one of the sweetest support contracts in racing. "It costs \$150,000 a year to run my factory," McLaren says. "Now we have several people interested in our car. We have orders for about 10 of them."

The monster that emerged is perhaps the fastest sports car in the world. Officially it is a McLaren M-6-A, or McLaren-Chevrolet.

"It is really a blend of New Zealand's McLaren and American hot-rodding," Bruce said. "The engine heads and coverings are Chevrolet, everything else is adapted, all from American hot-rod parts."

"We even have," he said with the faintest trace of a smile, "Mickey Thompson manifolds on these engines."

The result is a winner that would be, says McLaren, "quite comfortable on the streets—although it does go a bit fast for that sort of thing and gets only 4½ miles to the gallon of gas." As a final thrust at the competition, the cars have, on the rocker-arm covers, small pink nameplates saying "Flower Power."

"We thought it was a nice touch," said McLaren.

But if McLaren and Hulme caught the rest of the sports car world with cars not nearly as good, they at least caught the best of them. The Canadian track was crawling with them—from America's international star, Gurney, to such swift ones as Mike Spence and John Surtees of Grand Prix fame; Ludovico Scarfiotti, famous enough to be fired by Ferrari; and Mark Donohue, who is considered the brightest corner of all the young U.S. drivers.

Further competition, such as it was, came from the hard, realistic world of track racing. There was Andretti, the national driving champion. On Friday, while Mario was standing at trackside looking broodingly at his lavender Ford, another Indy man came mouncing up and said, "I thay there, dahling, how is youah motor cah?" It was, of course, Roger McCluskey, who can't quite get over the notion that road racing is unbearably elite.

But nobody was out-toughing Flower Power. Hulme qualified his car first on

continued



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the starting grid, McLaren alongside. Gurney took the third spot in a Lola-Ford, and the rest of the notables came along behind. McCluskey had made it only to the 11th starting position, and at the very end of the lineup was Andretti. He was wise enough to throw a blanket over all that lavender and watch the race from the press trailer.

McLaren had discovered a leaky fuel cell just before post time. By the time he had replaced it and was parked at the gas tank saying, "fill 'er up," the race was starting. He screeched out 55 seconds behind the leader, and then—in a race within a race—chewed up the entire non-Kiwi balance of the field. By midpoint Hulme was running calmly in front, Gurney was hanging on in second, and back there somewhere McLaren was gaining almost 1½ seconds a lap on them—roaring along, steering easily with one hand and waving the other one steadily at the cars in front of him to get the hell out of the way. They all did, and when McLaren pulled up behind Gurney on lap 67, it was all over. The McLaren Chevy screamed past him in a burst of hot orange and green, and Gurney, who intensely dislikes being passed, gave vigorous chase. Two laps later his clutch collapsed.

Then, about the time Canada's evening chill was closing in, came the final shot of drama. With 1½ laps to go, Hulme was supposed to be playing cool, but he hates that sort of thing and was screaming down the back straight at 168



HULME SMILINGLY ACCEPTS VICTORY

miles an hour. He would have been going faster, but "I had been having trouble with the steering for the last several laps" ("Have you seen the *foursevens* on that guy?" said McLaren. "He absolutely cranks that car into turns with one mighty move. When I first gave him the car he took one look at the gearshift and said, 'You'd better strengthen that thing or I'll have it out by the bloody roots.'")

In an instant Hulme blasted through a sand trap and sent hundreds of people and a few moose scurrying into the woods for safety, then came by the main stands in a sort of churning ball of smoke, holding up one hand and waving to his crewmen, who had all gone bone white. He vanished into the woods while nobody breathed and finally showed up again from the other direction to take the checkered flag. He calmly whipped into the pits and climbed out of the rolling wreckage. Owner McLaren eased by, comfortably in second place, and nodded at the pit serenely.

The win gave Flower Power a virtual lock on the Canadian-American cup title. True, Hulme and McLaren could conceivably lose the next three events. But, between them they have more than \$59,000 of the purse already and they want the rest of it, including scores of thousands that will be paid on a point basis at the end.

"Lose the next three races?" said Hulme. He smiled widely. "Not very likely."

END

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WREATH WITH CAR BUILDER McLAREN

AGENT 26250, WHERE ARE YOU?

On duty, that's where. To better understand the spirit of Pinkerton's, Inc., the 117-year-old detective agency that controls fans at the Masters, college football games and racetracks, the author (right) joins the force as a guard

BY MYRON COPE





Precisely at 7.16 a.m. (I glanced at my watch, because I had not expected him till 7.30), Trecost rapped sharply at the door of my motel room. I had heard much about him at headquarters in New York. In his very first year with the agency, 1958, he had cracked the Dowdy murder case, in which one J. D. Dowdy, insured for \$80,000, had dynamited a male companion to bits, intending that the police and the insurance company mistake the pieces for himself and pay the death claim to his father. Trecost, alert to a plot, had tracked down the identity of the victim and then had obtained one of the poor man's shoes from his landlady. It matched perfectly, right down to the impressions made in the inner sole by calluses, with a foot in the morgue. Throughout the agency Trecost became known as "a hound for details." Now he was head man of the entire Southwest district.

I was ready for him when he stepped across the threshold, a dapper, thickly built man of dark Roman looks, graying at the temples. I had shaved closely and put on my uniform, pleased with the fit. Although there was no call for formality, I instinctively drew to attention as Trecost approached. He frowned at the sight of my brown and oxblood saddle shoes—he would have preferred a simple black pair to suit my powder-blue uniform—but he stepped forward to pin me with a badge.

Suddenly he hesitated.

continued

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The pin," he said. "I can't get the damn pin out of the catch. It's stuck."

He struggled with the pin for fully five minutes, his shoulders hunched, his brow furrowed and beginning to glisten from the effort. Finally the pin sprang loose. Trecost slipped it through my shirt, and then, still gripping the badge with both hands, he paused again. "What's the matter now?" I asked.

"The pin won't go back into the catch."

For several more minutes Trecost fought the pin. "I don't want to stab

in the gallery. In fact, I felt like asking Trecost if I could just go away and drive a bus on Fifth Avenue. But I reminded myself that the uniform I wore embodied 117 years of service on the side of law and order. Wearing the Pinkerton badge, men had pursued outlaws across the badlands of the Old West, they had trailed bank robbers from New York to the jungles of Central America, they had sped behind Confederate lines for Lincoln. I squared my shoulders and climbed into Trecost's sedan. He flipped the ignition switch. The motor coughed, then died. On the third try it came to life, and we

protective and security agency, in business since 1850. We shall return to Trecost and Memphis in due time, but for now, that city is but one pin on a map at 100 Church Street.

On the 17th floor of the building, an impression of gravity hangs in the air. Along the wall of the main corridor, photographs of the deceased leaders of the Pinkerton dynasty—Founder Allan Pinkerton, his sons William and Robert and Robert's son Allan II—are arrayed in dark wooden frames, forming a forest of whiskers, great mustaches and mutton-chop sideburns. Their eyes gaze down suspiciously upon passersby. Nearby, post-office photos of oldtime desperadoes nabbed by the Pinkertons also garnish the wall, thickening the prevailing flavor of nostalgia for a day when men rode tall in the saddle.

"Good morning, Mr. Brackley," says an executive passing a colleague in the corridor. The two men may have worked yeas together, but they cannot escape (nor would they want to) the propriety that always has placed the Pinkerton beyond suspicion. "Good morning, Mr. Boyce," says Mr. Brackley.

The atmosphere on the 17th floor is a world away from noisy stadiums and sweaty locker rooms, yet more than \$2 million of the firm's \$71 million-a-year business comes from policing the sports industry. It comes from baseball and football clubs, college athletic departments, racetracks, golf tournaments and a variety of other enterprises that are interested in protecting their patrons from belligerent drunks, their turnouts from gate-crashers and their athletes from the temptations of wine, women and fixers.

The athlete who genially autographs a nightclub menu for a stranger may wish he hadn't. Little does he suspect that he has just presented a Pinkerton with a piece of documentation to attach to a report fixing the time and place of his current infraction. "Do you know what I think?" Babe Ruth once said in jest to a teammate. "I think this goddam little jockey we been partying with all night is really a Pinkerton." And, of course, he was.

The term "private eye" actually derived from a trademark the Pinkertons

continued

Agree: Trecost found it harder to pin a badge on his new man than it was to solve a 1958 murder.

you," he said, trying to be patient. The possibility had occurred to me. I was conscious of having grown slightly cockeyed looking anxiously down the tip of my nose.

"There we are!" Trecost exclaimed at last, snapping the pin shut. He stepped back to look me over. Pinkerton guard No. 26250, ready for duty at the \$100,000 Memphis Open golf tournament.

To tell the truth, at 5'5" and a somewhat paunchy 142 pounds, I did not feel entirely confident of my ability to protect Jack Nicklaus from troublemakers

sped off to the Colonial Country Club to see what we could do for Nicklaus and the others.

The New York office building, from which point orders had gone out to Trecost to attach me to the Memphis Open detail, is nameless. Standing in the lower Manhattan financial district, it is numbered 100 Church Street, and on its 17th floor one steps off the elevator into a world that recalls cuspidors and boiled collars. Here, along walls of institutional green, lie the executive offices of Pinkerton's, Inc., the nation's leading private de-

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weren't a little peculiar,
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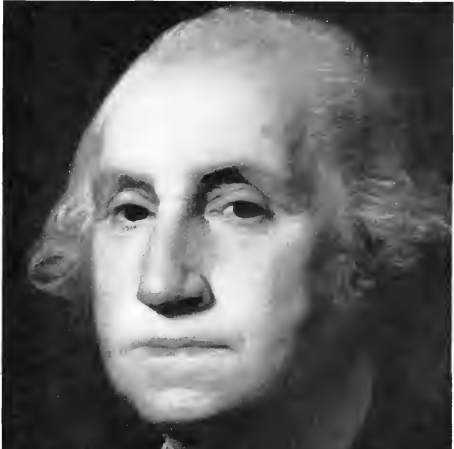
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employed for many years—a drawing of a wide-awake eye, under which were the words, “We Never Sleep.” Yet it is a mistake to think of the Pinkertons in terms of the two stereotypes that are popularly attached to private eyes. In the first, they cause gorgeous blondes to swoon. In the second stereotype, they are beefy, vulgar men making their living out of shabby one-room offices, tracking down evidence of adultery. The fact is that, although martial difficulties provide the private-detective industry with its most dependable source of revenue, the Pinkertons will not touch an adultery case. “We just don’t like that type of work,” says Robert A. Pinkerton II, the fourth-generation head of the company. “It’s unpleasant. It’s dirty.”

Oddly enough, the Pinkertons came to be included in American history texts largely because of exceedingly unpleasant and dirty steel riots at Homestead, Pa. in 1892. Working for the industry barons, the Pinkerton guards were accused of firing wantonly upon strikers and bystanders. Still blanching from that accusation, the Pinkertons to this day will have no part of a labor dispute, and surely it is difficult to imagine Robert Pinkerton II ordering his men to the support of any questionable cause. A wispy, nattily attired man of 62 with straight black patent-leather hair, he possesses a courtly manner that suggests Adolphe Menjou playing a hospitable hotel manager. He is the last of the Pinkerton males, and the fact that he exists at all comes as an agreeable surprise to strangers who meet him. For some reason the general public seems to think that all the men of the Pinkerton dynasty are dead and that the name has been perpetuated as a corporate identity. Gently amused, Robert Pinkerton says: “People say to me, ‘Well, if you are Mr. Pinkerton, where are your whiskers?’ I had a young friend attending the Lawrenceville School who opened his big mouth in a history class and said he knew Mr. Pinkerton, at which the instructor took strong exception. He accused the boy of boasting about something that could not be true. In order to restore the lad to good standing, I had to write the instructor a letter saying I was alive.”

A deskbound executive, Robert Pinkerton makes no pretense of ever having engaged in cloak-and-dagger adventures, but his ancestors enjoyed getting out into the field and grappling with outlaws who preyed upon their clients. His grandfather, Allan Pinkerton, a large-nosed Scottish immigrant who started up the agency after quitting his job as a detective on the Chicago police force, personally rode shotgun on stagecoaches. He led the capture of the notorious train robber Frank Reno.

Clear into the 1930s, the Pinkertons operated as an unofficial arm of American law-enforcement machinery. District attorneys, not staffed as they are today with battalions of investigators, looked to the Pinkertons to wrap up their murder cases. Times are changed, however, the firm’s security service displaced its gumshoes as the profit leader, and the company diversified into the marketing of burglar alarms. In 1965 Pinkerton’s National Detective Agency, Inc. became simply Pinkerton’s, Inc. Nevertheless, the Pinkertons still take pride in their ability to hard-nose their way through a case until a solution is reached. *Post mortem*—after the clouds, the sun—trumps the calling card of a Pinkerton agent.

In the world of sports, Pinkertons have been policing horse tracks for three-quarters of a century, but it was baseball’s Black Sox scandal of 1919 that put them to work on the sporting scene in earnest. Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the crusty reform commissioner, fastened Pinkertons to the tails of ballplayers, and from that beginning the agency has worked quietly, as though treading barefoot on sand, to spare the sporting world embarrassment. In the Big Ten, a football star is swiftly plucked from his team, the Pinkertons have spotted him consorting with shady characters. In the East, less than an hour before a major fight, a boxing commission withdraws both judges and the referee, acting on an 11th-hour report from the Pinkertons that gamblers have learned which ring officials have been assigned to the fight. Even in so improbable an area as deep-sea fishing, the fine hand of the Pinkertons has done its work.

“Now there was an assignment I was

always sorry I didn’t take myself,” says Robert Pinkerton, bringing up the particulars of what may be termed, “The Case of the Suspect Catch.” A catch of a very large bilfish had been made by a man at the eastern tip of Long Island. He had entered the catch for recognition as a world record, but there seemed to be some question as to whether all the requirements had been complied with.

Had the sportsman’s line been of a strength greater than the rules permit? Had a helper assisted the man before the fish was alongside? In game fishing circles ugly rumors were afoot.

Never mind who called the Pinkertons into the case. The agency never divulges the name of a client in an undercover job, even when, as in this instance, the job dates back more than 20 years.

Pinkerton headquarters dispatched an agent to infiltrate the Long Island boasting set. Equipped with a liberal expense account, he chartered a handsome yacht and gave lavish parties aboard for almost a month, his ear alert for seatlebut. Hang the cost, he would get to the bottom of this smelly fish matter! In the end, happily, the Pinkerton agent absolved the sportsman of cheating, and with a sigh of relief the moguls of game fishing approved the new record. The job had been done without an iota of fanfare, in the characteristically silent style with which the Pinkertons at this moment may be closing in on your high school football team’s doctor if he is trying to beat the insurance company by requiring a dozen visits from a lad who has sprained his thumb.

Out in the field, away from the sober atmosphere of New York headquarters, Pinkertons often put away their blue business suits, address one another by their first names and informally refer to themselves as Pinks. Unlike the Cincinnati Reds, who once timorously changed their nickname to Redlegs, the Pinkertons are not going to be cowed out of their birthright by any Johnny-completely organizations such as the Communist party. Pinkerton tradition is strong, and it is nowhere more in evidence than among the lowly guards who take tickets at a stadium or check credentials at the door of a locker room. Gate-crashers

continued

find them impervious to their wildest persuasions. In 1952, at the first Marciano-Walkott fight in Philadelphia, a would-be crasher approached a Pinkerton old-timer named Cap Murphy and informed him that he was one of Walkott's seconds. To support his claim, the man carried a water bucket and a silk robe on which Walkott's name was stitched in red letters.

"It's a good thing you're not carrying Walkott's trunks," Murphy said firmly, "or he'd be embarrassed as hell going into that ring tonight."

Pinkerton guards are aware, of course, that the gate-crasher confronting them may be a Pinkerton plainclothesman testing their reliability, but as I myself was to discover when I joined up at the Memphis Open, the mere act of putting on a Pinkerton uniform is an ennobling experience, one that calls a man to his duty. There are no ifs, buts or howevers in vow No. 2 of the Pinkerton guards' 10-part credo: "I shall take complete charge of my assignments, remain on duty under all circumstances until properly relieved and—without fear or favor—execute all orders and enforce all rules." Clifford Roberts may be director

of the Masters golf tournament and a man of stern presence on the Augusta National course, but when he neglected to wear his badge and official green blazer one sweltering day, he got what was coming to him. In rapid succession, Pinkerton guards kept him away from the press building, the trophy room and the grill, though they knew his face as well as they knew their own mother's. What's more, Red Blaik and his Army football squad were refused admission to the 1956 Army-Navy game when they turned up at the wrong gate. The Pinkerton on duty eventually stepped aside, but not until he had summoned a superior who thought the matter over and decided that the enraged coach and his players were a necessary appearance to the event.

To understand firsthand such rigid devotion to duty, I flew south in June to make my debut as a Pinkerton. It seemed essential to be one in order to grasp fully the spirit of the agency, so I had studied the company's operation carefully and drawn up a list of assignments that carried a potential for danger. Eliminating these, I asked to be attached for a couple of days to a golf tournament. Golf spectators scheme to great lengths to get into

a tournament free, often sneaking onto the club grounds by riding like Mafia victims in the trunk of an auto, but once on the course they behave themselves.

Nevertheless, they require expert crowd control—for two reasons. The first is that the average spectator rarely attends more than one tournament a year and therefore, being unfamiliar with tournament environment, is apt to take a false step that could cost a golfer thousands of dollars. The second reason for crowd control is that pro golfers at heart are not entertainers. If the purse money were right, they would prefer to play their tournaments on the moon, before any settlers have arrived. Most galleries annoy the golfers, simply because most tournaments are policed by amateurs—as a rule, by marshals who are recruited from the membership ranks of local clubs and who are more intent upon watching the play than upon keeping order. But wherever the Pinkerton golf specialists are hired, the tournament pros become downright sunny, a phenomenon that seemed to be worth investigating firsthand.

As luck would have it, Agent A.D. Trecoast, the legendary hound for details, had

continued



The first time Agent Cope tried to hold an overhanging crowd, he was nearly stomped, but soon he was clearing a path for Jack Nicklaus.

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become in middle age the Pinkertons' leading expert on golf tournament security and would be traveling from his New Orleans office to take command of the Memphis Open. (In the South and the Southwest, nine tournaments had contracted for the Pinkertons' service this year, thereby establishing the southern leg of the golf circuit as the most orderly on the tour.) As I had mailed Trecoast my measurements so that he could have a uniform made up, my principal fear was that he would view with disgust the addition of a 5' 5" guard to his force.

"Your physique is tremendous for us!" he lied diplomatically when I arrived in Memphis on that Friday afternoon. "You're all right. You're athletic! From your measurements, I thought you'd be . . . well, you don't look like you have malnutrition."

The Memphis Open easily was drawing enough spectators to pose a true test of the Pinkertons' skills. On Thursday and Friday, attendance had been 7,000 and then 11,000, and it was destined to swell to 19,500 Saturday and 21,500 Sunday—crowds worthy of a major championship event. Friday night, Trecoast and his aides would study the field, selecting the five threesome they considered most likely to attract the bulk of the Saturday gallery. To each of these they would assign a five-man Pinkerton escort, but as the Saturday play progressed the Pinkerton command would keep a weather eye open for any sudden shift in crowd interest and would stand ready to realign its forces. "For a starter, we'll throw you right in with someone like Nicklaus or Player," Trecoast advised me. From literature that had been provided me in New York, I already had undergone a sort of correspondence course in tournament security work, but on Saturday morning, when Trecoast called at my motel room to pin me with a badge, I suddenly realized that I was a very real cog in a \$100,000 event and that a single lapse on my part could affect the outcome and bring shame on the agency.

Three hours later, bounding briskly down the first fairway alongside the threesome of Gary Player, Chuck Courtney and Babe Huskey, I strove to review in my mind all the small yet vital details

that make a Pinkerton-policed tournament a cut above the average. I noted that Player, his lips pursed, looked particularly grim, a man who would expect impeccable service. Minutes later, from the No. 2 tee, he sailed a drive into the rough to the right. Instantly the right-fairway team—a husky Pinkerton and I—sprang into action, strictly according to Pinkerton procedure. While my partner covered the ball, I flung myself into the path of spectators burying onto the green. Silently, with palms upraised, I admonished them to halt. None but the Pinkertons, you see, would appreciate the possibility that crowd movement toward the green might be seen from the corner of Player's right eye as he addressed his ball in the rough, and reduce him to a lump of quivering jelly.

The people swept right by me as though I did not exist. I was convinced right then that I did not possess an ounce of authority in my appearance, and I was certain that if Player had a poor round he would go straight to Trecoast and blame it on me.

"Put up those hands like you mean it!" Trecoast hissed at me, emerging from nowhere. He wore a powder-blue cap and an arm band that identified him as a Pinkerton officer. Having sensed my timidity, he had decided to hover on the fringe of the crowd and throw me cues as needed.

As it happened, the sight of Chuck Courtney, who was tied with Player for second place, served for a while to quiet my nerves. Courtney seemed out of place among the grim pros. A lean, bespectacled man with a fuzz of yellow hair, he wore at all times a bemused grin, scanning the activity around him as though he had dropped from another planet into the midst of an earth rite that he found amusingly strange. Coming off the 6th green, he followed behind me as I tried to clear an alley through the gallery that stood thick as mush around the green. "Watch the players!" I heard Trecoast's voice call from the edge of the crowd.

"Watch the players!" I echoed, picking up the cue.

From behind me, Courtney sang out, "Watch the players!"

He had discovered me for an impostor, I was sure. Mortified, I wondered

what to do. "Watch the players!" I called out weakly.

For all my discomfort at that moment, a startling transformation soon began to come over me. Gradually my uniform began to feel as though it belonged on me, and as it did I found that with one swift upward movement of my right hand I could silence a whispering crowd on the green. "No running!" I snapped softly in the rough along the fairways, and small boys froze in their tracks as though hit by a Buck Rogers ray gun. A sense of elation surged through me. Looking back now, I cannot escape the conclusion that all these years a cop complex had lain dormant within me, and that, given half a chance, I would make a thoroughly hateful cop. By 4 o'clock, when Trecoast sent me to relieve a guard at the entrance to the men's grill, I was eager to take on the first troublemaker who dared present himself without a grill ticket.

Alas, practically every adult male on the course, it seemed, had a ticket to the grill. There were tickets for club members, tickets for members' guests, tickets for players' brothers, uncles and grandfathers—in fact, 16 varieties of tickets. "What the hell is this?" I wondered. After all, guards are for keeping people out, aren't they? At last a heavy-set, homely man tried to talk his way past me without a ticket.

"Look here," he persisted, "I've gotta meet a friend inside."

"Over my dead body," I thought, though I turned him down with cool courtesy.

He turned to a stranger and said, "Can I please borrow your grill ticket for just one minute?" He then entered the grill and in a jiffy returned carrying two tickets—the one he had borrowed outside and another that he had borrowed from his friend inside. "O.K.," he crowed, waving the latter ticket under my nose. With that, he disappeared into the grill.

I was still sulking several hours later as I had dinner with Trecoast and two of his aides. Why is it, I complained, that everybody and his brother can get into the grill? "The club wants the business," Trecoast shrugged. He was sympathetic to my frustration but unwilling to share my mood. He and his men were pleased because

continued

Death of a traveling salesman

You've just landed in
a city that gets only
7 inches of rain a year.
All on the day you
arrive.

You have a meeting
at 639 Washington Street,
which is right across
from the Civil War Monument,
and everybody knows
where that is. Except you.

You're waiting in line to
return the car you rented.
So are a lot of other
people. But they don't have
to catch a plane
in five minutes.

You've locked your suitcase
and you've tried to
pick the lock with a paper
clip. Now where
can you find a
locksmith
to remove the
paper clip?

You're run out of money.
Your shoeshine boy does
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cause the tournament was running exceptionally smoothly. Gay Brewer Jr., for one, had gone out of his way to applaud the Pinkertons, saying, "On the first hole I pulled a shot into the rough and some of the fans tried to talk to me when I got there. But a Pinkerton swooped right in and said, 'No talking to the players please!'" To my mind, this seemed a trivial deed, hardly worthy of mention, but the golfers seemed to regard any intrusion on their concentration as part of a conspiracy to destroy them. No doubt the guard who hushed Brewer's gallery received from his superior a ringing "Attaboy!"—the reward that Pinkerton golf guards are given for outstanding work. After earning five Attaboys a guard is in line for a "Well done!"

"Wouldn't your men rather have a raise?" I asked Treco's right-hand man, Nelvil Theard. (Although it is neither here nor there, such surnames as Treco and Theard—pronounced Thayard—have the ring of Ian Fleming fiction, and I could not resist treating myself to fantasy thoughts in which the two men turned out to be Interpol agents closing in on a cache of diamonds that Gary Player had smuggled out of South Africa.) Actually, the question I put to Theard was unfair, because since 1961 the Pinkerton firm has bestowed U.S. Savings Bonds of up to \$500 upon guards

who have acted meritoriously or with valor, but Theard met the gibe head on.

"There are some things," he replied evenly, "that money can't buy."

By the time I reported for duty Sunday morning, I had recognized my cop complex and put it under control. In a lighter mood, I decided to seek out Gary Player in the locker room and treat him to a laugh by announcing that I, one of his guards the previous day, in reality was a journalist. As I went through the entrance to the locker room, however, a guard threw me a suspicious glance, and when I had proceeded halfway down an aisle leading to Player's locker, another Pinkerton stepped into my path and said, "Can I help you, sir?" Pass me a stack of Bibles and I shall swear on them, here was a uniformed Pinkerton stopping another uniformed Pinkerton. If ever I had doubted the agency's reputation for devotion to the rules, I had no such doubts now.

"Only players, press and officials are permitted in the locker room," the guard said firmly. I had to show him a press card, revealing my true identity, before he would let me pass. I had the feeling that if Arnold Palmer, who had skipped the Memphis Open, had dropped by the locker room to visit, the Pinkerton would have ordered him to leave.

At any rate, Player was greatly amused

when I told him, a moment later, that I was a journalist in disguise. "Oh, that's priceless," he exclaimed, slapping his thigh. We chatted for perhaps five minutes, during which he pronounced the Pinkertons to be "the finest thing that could happen to us." Forty-five minutes later, Player teed off, hitting his first drive into the rough, and it was there that I came to appreciate, as I never fully had, the importance that Player and Brewer and the others attach to the tranquility that the Pinkertons make possible.

Working again in the detail assigned to escort Player's threesome, I hustled after his ball and backed the gallery away to give him plenty of hitting room. I expected that Player would be amused to see me in action and might even toss me a quip or share with me his concerns over a somewhat troublesome lie. But he gave me no sign of recognition. Expertly he hit his ball to the green and then walked briskly past me, not two feet away, without giving the least indication that we had met and chatted less than an hour before. In short, he had summoned to his work a capacity for concentration so total that it bordered on a state of shock. Many times during the course of his round that day, he looked directly at me, but his eyes seemed not to see, and at no time did he so much as acknowledge my presence with a nod.

Player had begun the day holding second place, five strokes behind Dave Hill, a fairly obscure golfer who had taken an early lead and remained hot. On the back nine now, Player bogeyed three holes, losing whatever chance he had of overtaking Hill, and I wondered if somehow we Pinkertons had overlooked a trick. Had we permitted a diamond ring in the gallery to reflect the sun into Player's eyes and shatter his concentration? Had we allowed a press photographer to work with a camera that clicked too loudly? Probably not. "The Pinkertons here," Gay Brewer declared, "have done the best job of policing a tournament that I've ever seen. We'd probably profit by hating them every week." I made a mental note to relay Brewer's words to New York headquarters. The least that Treco and his men deserved was five Attaboys and a Well done!

END



Cope learned that when Gary Player (left) is working he might not recognize his marker

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

MINNESOTA (6-1), aided by 10 homers of its own and 11 errors by its opponents, held on to its half-game lead. More than anything, though, it was the fine pitching of Jim Kaat (two wins, including a 10-inning shut-out), Dean Chance (two wins, including his 20th of the season) and Dave Boswell and Jim Merritt (each pitched a two-hitter) that enabled the Twins to survive. In 54 innings of pitching this month, Joe Hoelen of CHICAGO (4-2) has given up only 23 hits and three runs. Last week he shut out both the Angels and Indians, brought his won-lost record to 19-6 and his league-leading ERA down to 2.04. Boston (6-2) knocked off the Tigers twice, Carl Yastrzemski tying the first game with a home run in the ninth and Dalton Jones winning it with a home run in the 10th. Then a three-run Red Sox rally in the ninth decided the second contest. BALTIMORE (6-3) moved up from eighth place to sixth by slowing down the Red Sox 10-0 on Jim Harbin's five-hitter and 7-5 on Brooks Robinson's two-run homer. Frank Robinson finally received the MVP plaque that he earned a year ago, then went out and hit his seventh home run in the 11 games he has played against the Red Sox this season. DETROIT (3-3) bounced back from its two losses to the Red Sox when it got complete-game wins from Joe Spurnea, Al Wilson and Mickey Lolich, but then along came WASHINGTON (2-5). The Senators, frantically trying to climb back to the No. 6 position they had been dislodged from after two months, stunned the Tigers with a three-run rally in the last of the ninth to win 5-4. Rick Reichardt of CALIFORNIA (3-3) said, "My mind is so active that it's difficult to concentrate on the game at times." Replied Manager Bill Rigney: "He'll have to learn that

he can't play baseball and the stock market at the same time." Reichardt's concentration was faultless in the ninth inning against the White Sox when he drove in the winning run. Tony Horton of CLEVELAND (2-4) also beat the White Sox when he homered in the 13th. Jim Hunter of KANSAS CITY (1-4) pitched a pair of five-hitters, losing 2-0 in 10 innings to the Twins, then beating the Angels 3-1. Jim Nash, who was 12-1 and had a 2.06 ERA as a rookie last year, lost his 16th game and his ERA ballooned to 3.87. NEW YORK (1-5) scored only three runs, as four games before defeating the Twins 6-2 on Tom Shopay's three-run homer and the five-hit pitching of Fraz Peterson and Dooley Womack, who earned his 16th save.

Standings: Min. 10-67, Bos. 10-66, Chi. 9-68, Det. 28-58, Cal. 80-74, Balt. 73-84, Cleve. 73-85, Wash. 72-84, NY 67-85, KC 65-95

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Bob Gibson of ST. LOUIS (4-3) pitched a three-hitter, Dick Hughes beat the Phillies 1-0 and Steve Carlton struck out 16 men in eight innings in World Series run-ups for the Cardinals, who won their 11th pennant in 42 seasons. In the wake of the Cardinals' overwhelming surge came outraged cries from general managers of opposing teams who were no longer enamored of the players they praised so lavishly last spring. Said Paul Richards of ATLANTA (2-5), "We'll trade anybody—Aaron, Torre, anybody." Buzzie Bavich of LOS ANGELES (2-4) said, "All year our fans have watched players who got us where we are [eighth place]. Let 'em look at some new players next season." Pat Jarvis of the Braves and Don Sutton of the Dodgers probed their best games in weeks. Jarvis stopped the Cardinals on three hits for his 13th win. Sutton beat the Phillies

with a five-hitter. SAN FRANCISCO (4-1) had an abundance of fine pitching, as well as some clutch hitting. Mike McCormick became the league's first 20-game winner. Gaylord Perry won his 15th game and Ray Sadecki beat the Pirates 1-0 on Tom Haller's ninth-inning homer. Willie McCovey gave the Giants a fourth straight win with a grand-slam homer in the eighth against PITTSBURGH (2-4). The only note of encouragement for the Pirates was a 440-foot home run by 30-year-old Bob Robertson, who may well be their first baseman next year if Donn Clendenon is traded, as is expected. CHICAGO (2-3), behind the pitching of Joe Niekro and Ferguson Jenkins (who won his 19th game), twice defeated CINCINNATI (4-2) and assured itself of finishing in the first division for the first time in 21 years. Reliever Ted Abernathy helped Mel Queen and Gary Nolan pick up their 14th wins. Jim Banning of PHILADELPHIA (3-3) lost his fourth 1-0 game of the season, then came back to beat the Dodgers 4-0 for his 17th victory. BOSTON (4-3) beat the Pirates with a 15-hit outburst one day and again on a two-run pinch single by Ron Davis in the ninth inning. Wes Westrum resigned as the NEW YORK (4-3) manager because, as he put it, "I had one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel." Interim Manager Sally Parker got two wins over the Astros on Jerry Buckner's timely hit. Buckner tied a Met record by driving in six runs in one game with two three-run homers, one in the 10th inning. That was the fourth time this season that Buckner had won a game with a last-inning homer. Buckner also won the next game 1-0 with a single in the ninth.

Standings: St. L. 38-59, SF 35-65, Chi. 34-72, Cal. 34-72, Phil. 33-74, Pitt. 31-75, Atl. 28-82, LA 25-85, New. 43-81, NY 38-88

HIGHLIGHT

Injuries and illnesses have always been a part of baseball, but this year the number of casualties has not been as unusual as the types of misfortunes that have occurred. It was a season that began with Sandy Kousser, the victim of an aneurysmic condition, clutching a microphone instead of a baseball. Other pitchers had troubles, too. Sonny Sieben of the Indians said that he felt drunk when he tried to pitch earlier this year, and doctors never did determine the cause of his dizzy spells. Denny Lemaster of the Braves, who had a 7-1 record in mid-June, slipped while warming up, pulled a back muscle and has won just twice since then. Philadelphia's Richie Allen was just starting to hit homers in bunches when he pushed his hand through a car headlight. Of the four top teams in the American League, only the Twins have not

lost a single player for any length of time. The White Sox have had to do without Al Wes since a June 27th baseline crash, and the Red Sox lost Tony Conigliaro when he was struck by a pinch six weeks ago. Should the Tigers fail to win the pennant, they can blame it on the most bizarre epidemic of troubles since the Yankees finished seventh in 1925 because of Babe Ruth's infamous bellyache. Detroit's woes began in June when Jim Northrup got the mumps. Two weeks later teammate Al Kaline shoved his bat into the bat rack in a fit of pique, broke his hand and missed 26 games. As if to accentuate the negative, two more Tigers suffered ignominious accidents recently while at home. Two weeks ago Eddie Matthews slipped on a rug, fell down the stairs and hurt his hip. Last week Denny McLain (right) was watching television when, startled by a noise, he jumped up, turned his ankle and dislocated two toes.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOWLING—Urbanus Heavyweight **BUSTER MATHIS** boosted his victory streak to 21 when he knocked out Ken Marsh, former University of Kansas football guard, in the fifth round of a scheduled 10-rounder in New York's Madison Square Garden. **CHARTHAI CHONGHAI** of Thailand retained his world bantamweight championship with a seventh-round TKO over Scotland's Walter McGowan in a title bout in London.

FOOTBALL—**NFL** **BALTIMORE** defeated Philadelphia 38-6 as Johnny Unitas tossed two touchdown passes to Willie Richardson (page 24). Houston lost Monday night's yardage over the 30,000 fans. **Bart Starr** had five passes intercepted and Jim Gripehorn fumbled three times (all were recovered by the Bears). But **GRIFFIN BAY** defeated Chicago 13-10 when Dan Chandler booted a 44-yard field goal with only six seconds left in the game. **ST. LOUIS** took the air of Ray Bakula in a win, 28-14, as Pittsburgh's Bakula set a league record with seven field goals (19, 29, 33, 25, 24, 32, 23 yards). His final kicker mark (30) set by Detroit's Gene Ventreska last season, and when Bakula missed down the 50- and 45-yard line he set an odd record for stranger (none) in one game. Dan Meredith completed 16 of 28 passes for 243 yards and four touchdowns on leading DALLAS to a 38-28 victory over New York, while Washington defeated New Orleans 30-19 on rookie Ray McDonald's touchdown runs of one, 36 and 15 yards. **LOS ANGELES** crushed Minnesota 39-3 as Bruce Gossett booted three field goals and the Rams' tight defense limited the Vikings to empty open yard rushing in the first half. With John Randle setting the TD pass, the Rams' defense forced four other touchdowns. **SAN FRANCISCO** easily beat Atlanta 33-7. After trailing 14-10 at half time, **DETROIT** overcame 17 points in the last half to whip visitors Cleveland 31-14.

AFL Joe Namath completed 22 of 37 passes for 289 yards and two touchdowns and Eyreman Buehler ran for three TDs to lead the Jets to a 38-34 come-from-behind victory over Denver. The Jets had trailed 24-7 and midway through the second period before Namath took charge. **BOSTON** won its first game after three losses by shaking out Buffalo 22-0 on the power running of Jim Palmer (24 carries for 144 yards). It was the first time the Bills had failed to score in 142 games. **KANSAS CITY** also had an easy one of it at the Chiefs' last over Miami 28-10. After a fourth 100 passes for 121 yards from John Mahol, including a 44-yarder for a TD in the fourth period, to lead **SAN DIEGO** to a 13-3 victory over Houston.

GOLF—**ARNOLD PALMER** shot a backround 3-under par 69 for a 72-hole total of 283 to take the \$250,000 Transamerica Classic in Upper Merion, Pa.

N.J. by one stroke over Jack Nicklaus. Art Wall Jr. and Charles Coody, all tied for second. The victory, Palmer's fourth of the year, boosted his official PGA season earnings to a record \$187,714. The win moved him ahead of Nicklaus, who dropped to second with \$164,998.88.

HARNESS RACING—**BEST OF ALL** (55.80, \$140), driven by Jim Hacken, earned Owner Samuel Biala, trainer from his victory of \$42,054 when he defeated Nardum, Byrd in two of their heats in the semi-finals \$44,718. **Black Brown** (56.10), the second leg of the Triple Crown of harness, at Delaware (Ohio) County Fairgrounds (page 62).

Vernon Dincer drove Mississippi and LANA HANOVER (55.60) to a one-victory upset against Beauty in the one-mile \$25,540 Lady Suffolk Trot—the fifth division of the Better Cup—at Riverfront Racetrack.

HORSE RACING—**CAPTAIN'S GIG** (58.80) of the Cash Hoy Stables won his third win in four starts and set a track record of 1:37½ when Johnny Willie Shookster guided him to a three-length victory over Queen Phyllis's Vindicator in the \$145,000 \$400,000 stakes for 2-year-olds at Aqueduct.

Robert Lehman's **FLY BY** (54.20, \$40,000) won his third straight race at a track record 1:58.10 when he defeated Nardum, Byrd in two of their heats in the semi-finals \$44,718. **Black Brown** (56.10), the second leg of the Triple Crown of harness, at Delaware (Ohio) County Fairgrounds (page 62).

HOTTER SPORTS—Grand Prix Formula 1 leader Denis Hulme of New Zealand drove his McLaren-Chevrons to an average 109.9 mph despite a flat tire on the mid-to-late lap, for his third consecutive Canadian-American Challenge Cup victory, defeating teammate Bruce McLaren by 23.4 seconds at Mosport, Ont. (page 70).

Scotland's **JACKIE STEWART** took the 149-mile Grand Prix de France for Formula 1 cars at Ales when he drove his Matri to the second time of 1:37.7, beating Argentine Jackie Fitts in a British-Cosworth to 17.5 seconds. Fellow Scot Jim Clark finished third.

Ford Champion A. J. FOYT of Houston, driving a Ford-powered, Sheraton-Thompson special, added to his USAC point lead by winning the Territon 200 in his closest race for the championship. Mario Andretti was forced out of the race after a three-car collision on the fifth lap.

RICHARD PETTY of Levittown, N.C. gained his ninth open-wheel victory and boosted his season NASCAR win total to 28 when he took the

Old Dominion 500 at Martinsville, Va., finishing four laps ahead of Dick Hutcherson.

BOWLING—National Professional League Champion **OAKLAND**, guided by Edgar Miller's two goals, defeated Western Division runner-up St. Louis 6-1 in the Continental Cup in St. Louis.

SOFTBALL—The world champion **ALBUQUERQUE** Softball team took their fourth National Men's Softball title when they won six straight games in the double elimination tournament in Springfield, Mo. In the final, Albuquerque's Harvey Starns hit the first Mountain View (Calif.) Fanchard Falcons 4-0 in a one-inning. The Chieftains (Fla.) Bombers, the defending champions, finished third behind Mountain View.

SWIMMING—**ROLAND MATTHEIS**, 16, the East-gren 200-meter backstroke record holder from East Germany, broke world marks in the 100-yard and 100-meter backstroke with clockings of 1:50.1 and 2:48.4 at a meet in Leipzig, East Germany.

TENNIS—SPAIN swept to a 5-0 victory over Ecuador in the European American Athletic Championships at Madrid. Spain's Juan Gonzalez took both their singles matches in Marbella, Spain. Spain also teamed with José Luis Arilla to win the doubles.

Austin ROY EMBERSON gained his fourth Pacific Northwest championship when he defeated Marty Rogers of Everett, 12-12, 6-3, 4-6 in the men's singles final in East Astoria. Rogers had upset Leonard John Newcombe, the Washington and U.S. champion, earlier in the tournament. The women's title went to JILLIE HAN KIM, who beat Billie Calhoun of Roseburg, 6-0, 6-4.

BASEBALL—HIBED At a new coach for Columbia University, BILL STOWE, 27, who studied the New York Giants of Philadelphia in the eight-year championship in the 1940s (Gymnasium) as a varsity coach for the University of Washington, D.C. (ERICKSON, 16, Washington's freshman crew coach since 1964).

RESIGNED—An manager of the New York Mets, **WEBB WESLICK**, 44, because of "physical and mental strain," Western, an ex-commander catcher for the New York Giants (1947-1971), succeeded the original coach manager, Casey Stengel, and managed through the 1965 season, and led the Mets out of the cellar into ninth place in 1966. Sally Parker, the Mets' third-base coach, took over the reins for the season's final 11 games.

DIED STANISLAW ZBYNSKI, 88, world heavyweight wrestling champion in 1922 and 1923, in St. Joseph, Mo.

CREDITS

18, 19—Mark Schreiner 20—Lee Schreiner, 22-31—Meady & Long 44-48—Horn King 49, 55—Archie Shaw 62—Bella McDowell, P.P. 64, 69—Walt Banta 70-73—Eric Schreiner, P.P. 84.—Bruce Roberts Photo Gullman, 87—AP 88.—Arch Norton AP

FACES IN THE CROWD

SCOTT EMBERY, a 10-year-old golfer from Sturgis, S. Dak., became the state junior champion in the 11-and-under division, then two weeks later followed with the Jayco junior novice title in Rapid City when he beat 32 other competitors ranging in age from 9 to 17.

THOMAS HETZEL, a 31-year-old New York City patrolman who has been swimming for 17 years and training for his first English Channel crossing for over a month, became the 10th to complete the 21-mile distance from Cap Gris-Nez, France to Dover, England.

STEVE GACHUPIN, 25, a runner for the Jemez Indian Pueblo of New Mexico, clocked a record 3:30.05 in winning his second straight 26.8-mile Miles Park Marathon, while his brother, Matthew, 18, took the junior title with a time of 2:41.35 for another race mark.

DAN COSTIGAN of Philadelphia's Vesper Boat Club won six junior championships in two days when he took the doubles, four-woman and four-woman-ocean races in the New York Metropolitan and Middle States regatta at Orchard Beach, N.Y.

ERNEST HAYLICK, chief inspector for Hewlett-Packard in Pomona, Calif., took the clay-target title at the Grand American Trapshooting Tournament in Vandellia, Ohio as he tied four AA shooters and a professional, then shot 75 straight in the six-man shootoff.

LARRY KILMER, a 13-year-old pitcher from New Lebanon, Ohio, compiled an 11-0 record and batted .787 for the season (48 hits in 61 times at bat, including 18 home runs) to lead his team—undefeated in 18 games—to the Montgomery County League Championship.

Bayard Ashcroft, Harvard '14
Louisburg Square
Boston, Mass.,
ZIP 02108

The Voyage of Phipps Piper

My dear Bayard:

I must agree that your pilgrimage to the Delaware Water Gap via the famous flyer of the Erie-Lackawanna Railroad, namely *The Phoebe Snow* express, made my own journey to Atlantic City by high-speed bus seem rather "tame" by comparison. However, when you have finished this letter perhaps you will concede that "the shoe is on the other foot," so to speak.

Before I reveal the details of my own latest adventure, I feel that I owe you an explanation. You warned me that your last letter (SL, July 5, 1965) was to be considered "top secret," because it contained the text of a communication from the White House acknowledging your support of President L.B.J.'s SAF (See America First) program and the receipt of your picture postcard of the Delaware Water Gap. Although I cannot see that such a letter quite merits your description of it as "classified information," I respected your wishes as far as the chaps at the Harvard Club were concerned and showed the letter to no one. At home, through no fault of mine, it was another story.

To come directly to the point, Mother found your letter in going through Father's suits, which I have been wearing since he was mortally injured in a fall from a 42nd Street trolley car some 30 years ago. Father left an enormous wardrobe and, as a result, I have not had a new suit of my own since our senior year at Harvard. I often brought up the matter of a new suit for myself over the years (I so wanted one with the modern zippered trousers), but Mother insists that Father's things become me very well. She periodically inspects them for signs of wear, and it was while thus engaged that she came upon your letter.

Understandably, I think, she was furious when she read your disparaging remarks about Atlantic City and your sister Lodge's reference to me as "a pip-squeak." I have never seen Mother so agitated. Seated on a sofa in the drawing room, she lashed out angrily with her cane, leading me to marvel anew at the vigor of the woman at age 95.

"Bayard Ashcroft," she said icily, "is

Mother gave him permission for his daring journey—but how could she know he would encounter a **846** monster? by GERALD HOLLAND

a middleheaded fuddy-duddy, and his sister Lodge is one of those insufferable know-it-all Radcliffe types who go through life seeking to trade on their field-hockey reputations." (Mother, as you must remember, Bayard, is Vassar '91. She excelled at volley ball.)

I sought to placate her.

"Granted that what you say is true, Mother," I said, leaning forward from my vantage point on the footstool, "still one must admit that Bayard's idea of turning his trip to the D. W. Gap into an SAF mission in support of L.B.J. was rather a stroke of genius. And he does have his letter from the White House, which I am sure he will leave to the Harvard Library in his will."

"Rubbish," said Mother. She was silent for a moment. Then she unscrewed the top of her cane and tilted its glass vial of brandy, which Dr. Japes prescribed for use in the event that she ever felt faint while rowing on the lake in Central Park. Almost immediately the color returned to her cheeks. She took up your letter and glanced through it again. Then she said slowly:

"So seeing the Delaware Water Gap was Ashcroft's lifelong ambition. Tell me, Phipps, have you had an ambition since young manhood? Some secret dream? Some hidden passion? Your heart's desire? Think, boy. Be frank. Hold back nothing."

"Yes, Mother," I said, "I do have a dream. A secret ambition, my dearest heart's desire, as you so aptly put it. I have long dreamed of making a pilgrimage to the retail sporting-goods store and mail-order factory of the late Mr. L. L. Bean in Freeport, Maine!"

Slowly mother raised her cane to her lips and drained the last of the brandy from the glass vial. As she screwed the top back on the cane, a faraway look came into her eyes.

"It may surprise you to know, Phipps," she said gently, "that your own dear father was one of the first Harvard men to order a pair of Mr. Bean's famous Maine hunting shoes. And he smoked

nothing in his pipe but Mr. Bean's special blend of tobacco for hunters and fishermen."

I leaned forward on the footstool. "I never knew!"

Mother pushed me upright with the tip of her cane. "I like your plan, Phipps. By all means, you must make your pilgrimage to L. L. Bean's. We shall think of it as a sort of memorial to your dear father. I would ask that you wear one of the Norfolk jackets he loved so well."

"I will, Mother, I will, indeed."

"*Carte blanche*, my dear Phipps. I give you a *carte blanche*. Go, son, and God-speed."

Well, Bayard! Mother had never given me such a blanket permission to travel.

Carte blanche, she had said. This meant that I could realize another dream of dreams, i.e. I could go from Freeport to Bar Harbor and there book passage on the well-known automobile and passenger ferry, *Bluenose*, for its six-hour voyage across open ocean to Yarmouth, N.S. In other words, Bayard, no Delaware Water Gap for me. For the first time in my life I would go abroad!

Despite Mother's distrust of aircraft, I flew to Portland, Me., and thence went by taxi to Freeport. The Bean buildings—salesrooms, offices and factory—dominate the main street of Freeport, a town of about 8,000 population. In the salesroom I went "hog-wild." I ordered a case of baked beans and a pound tin of tobacco in memory of Father, a case of steamed clams and two decks of playing cards, a pair of the famous Maine hunting shoes, several plaid shirts, a fishing knife, a porkpie hat and (another dream come true!) a pair of flannel slacks of the modern zippered variety—these last to be wrapped for me to take along on my trip abroad.

En route to Bar Harbor, I opened my portmanteau and drew out the colorful travel folders I had obtained from the Nova Scotia Information Office in New York City. One folder contained breath-takingly beautiful color photographs of

continued

the province that is known as "Canada's Ocean Playground" and "almost an island." I was especially interested in the *Bluenose*, the ship that would take me overseas. I was fascinated as I read that she was 346 feet in length, had a displacement of 6,000 tons and was capable of making 18½ knots with her six 2,000-hp diesel engines. She was named, of course, for the great fishing and racing schooner *Bluenose*, built in the 1920s and so famous for her victories in races from the Grand Banks to Gloucester, Mass. that her figure is stamped on Canadian dimes in circulation today.

I had to smile as I read that the name *Bluenose* derives from the fact that Nova Scotians are called *Bluenosers*, because hard winters tend to turn noses blue. The original *Bluenose* was wrecked on a Haitian reef in 1946, and the present great ferry was registered in 1954, soon after Eastern Steamship Lines had discontinued its service between Boston and Yarmouth. Today's *Bluenose* can accommodate 600 passengers and 150 automobiles. She has every modern convenience—two luxurious lounges, day cabins for those passengers wishing to nap (I determined to en-

gage one), a bar and a first-rate cafeteria.

At the *Bluenose's* wharf in Bar Harbor, the great ferry was a sight to take one's breath away with her gleaming white superstructure and red smokestack bearing the insignia "CN" for Canadian National Railways, the operators. I hurried to the ticket window and asked for a round-trip ticket (\$10.40), adding in French that I would like a cabin *avec salle de toilette*. Since all *Bluenose* employees are bilingual, the ticket clerk nodded understandingly. The price for the cabin was \$5.50 each way.

My first act upon being settled in my cabin was to change to my zippered flannel trousers from L. L. Bean's (I mastered the mechanism of the zipper without the slightest difficulty). I put on one of my new wool plaid shirts and Mr. Bean's special porkpie hat. I decided to wear Father's Norfolk jacket as Mother had asked and, thus attired, I hurried on deck.

Now there occurred, Bayard, an incident that was to affect my whole expedition in a way that I shall not soon forget. Rounding a corner just as the *Bluenose* drew away from the wharf, I collided with a buxom lady with such force that

I was literally bounced off the ship's rail. Then I was amazed to hear the woman, not unattractive for one of her size, burst into great peals of laughter. Although I did not immediately see any reason for her merriment, I said automatically: "Sorry! Phipps Piper, Harvard '14, here!"

She continued to laugh. Then, pausing for an instant, she said, "Wilhelmina Beaver, Panhandle Divinity College, '36. You may call me Sister Bulbe, Brother Phipps."

I could not quite bring myself to do that on such short acquaintance. Whereupon the woman shifted an armload of books and gave me a resounding slap on the back. As I fell forward, I noticed that the books she carried were works of Bennett Cerf, famed for his collections of old jokes, many of which he used to relate on the *What's My Line* television program.

"I beg your pardon!" I said with some irritation.

"Laughter is love, Brother Phipps," she cried.

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand, madam," I said.

"Of course you do not understand,



Brother Phipps," she said, "I can tell that by your liverish look and sunken chest."

"Really?" I protested.

"Laughter is our best medicine, Brother Phipps," she went on. "Medical science tells us that a good hearty laugh exercises the diaphragm, larynx, many, many little-used muscles, stimulates the circulation and develops the area of the lungs! Look at me!"

She threw back her shoulders, roaring with laughter.

"My word!" I exclaimed. She was indeed, Bayard, the picture of robust health. She looked at me more closely and said:

"I see that I have come upon one who has not yet heard our Message." She put the Bennett Cerf in my arms and said, "Come, Brother Phipps, we shall have a bite in the cafeteria, and I shall tell you of the Message that will change your life, dear man."

Well, Bayard, once we had carried our trays to a table in the cafeteria, Sister Billie Beaver related (amid occasional peals of laughter that made other passengers turn and look at her curiously) the Message of her mentor, Bishop "Tex" Mitchell, the evangelist who founded Panhandle Divinity College and is now broadcasting from a powerful radio station across the Mexican border. It seems that certain enemies of Bishop "Tex" forced him to leave the country following wholly unfounded charges made by a certain button twirler in the college's football marching band.

Despite the desperate effort of his enemies to silence him, Bishop "Tex" had continued to win followers, who were known as the Love Laughters—the name growing out of the Laughter is Love theme. Since Bishop "Tex" had established permanent residence in Mexico, he had personal representatives throughout the world, spreading the doctrine that since people laugh when they are happy, happiness can be generated by laughing for little or no reason. According to Sister Billie, Love Laughters were meeting in all the principal cities of the U.S. Services usually began, she said, with a reading of "ticklers," such as are to be found in the works of Bennett Cerf. Sister Billie said that when a suitable fund had been raised, a monster "Tough crusade" was to be launched. It was hoped, she said, that Bennett Cerf could be persuaded to appear in person

and read from his works at Madison Square Garden in New York. I must confess, Bayard, that my enthusiasm for the "laugh crusade" grew as Sister Billie talked (and laughed) on.

"If memory serves," I put in, "it was Max Beerbohm who said that of all the people who have lived on earth, not one is known to have died of laughter!"

Sister Billie looked at me with unmistakable admiration. She then threw back her head and laughed so heartily that I found myself joining in. "Never," cried Sister Billie, "have I seen the Love Laughters' philosophy grasped so quickly. Brother Phipps, I am convinced that you have a call for our great work. Now I am on a mission to win converts in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and on Prince Edward Island. I invite you to join me! Do you have traveler's checks?"

"I have ample funds," I vouchsafed, so caught up by the sheer magnetism of Sister Billie Beaver that I had completely forgotten that even now I was on my way abroad without Mother's specific permission. Happily, at this instant, something happened that brought me to my senses—thanks, in my view, to the first objective of my pilgrimage, i.e. my visit to L. L. Bean's store at Freeport, Me.

Upon hearing that I was not without resources, Sister Billie jumped to her feet with the loudest laughter I had yet heard from her. Trays clattered to the floor all along the steam-table line as startled diners turned to look. I myself was hurled back from my chair as Sister Billie's sudden leap overturned the table, emptying the contents of my tray (scrambled eggs and kippers) into my lap.

"Bless you, Brother Phipps!" cried Sister Billie Beaver, peering down at me over the table's edge. "I hereby joyfully receive you into the Love Laughters by virtue of the authority vested in me by Bishop 'Tex' Mitchell, our beloved leader and president emeritus of Panhandle Divinity College. Your name will be laughingly mentioned in the next broadcast by Bishop 'Tex' over the 500,000-watt radio station in his Mexican sanctuary! Come, Brother Phipps, on your feet, man! Let us repair to the observation lounge and put your signature on the traveler's checks that we shall airmail to the bishop as a free-will offering!" She turned to the astonished passengers and shouted: "Everyone now! Join me in singing from page 49 of our hymn

book, *Always Leave Them Laughing When You Say Good-bye*, by the late George M. Cohan!"

Sister Billie burst into the song and, incredibly, some of the diners joined in. While they were all thus distracted, I crept away on all fours. My new flannel (and zippered) trousers were a complete mess of eggs and kippers.

Safe in my cabin, I sought first to remove my trousers. Then, to my dismay, I found I could not budge the zipper. It had been fouled by a kipper. I started to ring for a steward, but so great was my discomfiture, that I thought better of it. How I wished that I had worn one of Father's button trousers. Obviously the trousers must be removed. But how, how? I hurried to my things and searched feverishly for the L. L. Bean fishing knife. I found it, opened the long gleaming blade and in the twinkling I had cut the entire zipper area from the Bean pants and donned a pair of Father's button variety!

I hid in my cabin for the rest of the voyage. I could hear Sister Billie Beaver's shouts of "Brother Phipps! Brother Phipps!" But I was determined, now that my mind had been cleared by the zipper episode, to have nothing more to do with the woman. The more I thought about her eagerness to get her hands on my traveler's checks and her outlandish "laugh crusade," the more convinced I was that she was not the innocent she appeared to be. I now suspect, Bayard, that she was an international agent of some sort, assigned to keep me under surveillance as a Harvard man abroad.

I remained in my cabin during the 90 minutes the *Bluenose* remained in port, and although my view of Nova Scotia was limited to what I could see from my porthole (I spied a scowling Billie Beaver on the wharf), I reflected with satisfaction that I *had* been abroad and *had* made my L. L. Bean pilgrimage as a memorial to Father. All in all, I think that you and your sister Lodge will be forced to admit that my adventure was somewhat more meaningful than your own pilgrimage to the Delaware Water Gap, which is now considered old hat by those of us who are seasoned travelers. But keep up the good work.

With warm regards,
Phipps Piper, '14,

Harvard Club
New York, N.Y.,
ZIP 10036

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RATING AND RANTING

Sirs:

In what bar did Tex Maule and Edwin Shrake rate the teams in the NFL and AFL (*Pro Football* 1967, Sept. 18)? In the first place, they rate teams with zeros. How can a team be given a rating of nothing? They tell us that Quarterback John Stofa of Miami is "poised, intelligent and a good deep passer." But he is rated zero in the charts.

Second, the "great" Green Bay Packers are rated 83 points, but the Buffalo Bills are rated 84 points. Does this mean that your magazine is picking Buffalo to defeat Green Bay in the next Super Bowl?

R. W. REYMAN

San Diego

Sirs:

I have been a subscriber for almost a year now, and I have been very pleased with *SI*. But I am afraid that in the September 18 issue you made a *terrible* mistake. While you were rating the pros, you gave the Buffalo Bills 84 points. I think this is fine, but when you rated them ahead of the Green Bay Packers you made an *unforgettable* mistake. As everyone is well aware, should the Packers play the Bills, Green Bay would win.

LARRY ROWLAND

Indianapolis

● As we stated, each team was rated only in terms of its own division.—ED.

Sirs:

Good idea, this one about rating pro football teams, although I believe that the rating system needs some revision. Why should the offensive line be rated less than the defensive line? And why do running backs rate only half as much as receivers? And since when are linemen twice as important as defensive backs? But Edwin Shrake's real problem in the ratings seems to be connected with his home state. Somehow he seems to hate Houston (25 points) is five times as good a football team as the Miami Dolphins (five points).

DAVE FREEREN

Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs:

I want to compliment you on your great magazine. It is the finest sport publication ever. I even enjoy the articles on subjects on the fringe of sports. But those Texans, Maule and Shrake, are wonders!

RAY ROBERTS

Garland, Texas

Sirs:

How in perdition you can rate the Giant and Viking quarterback situation as equal

is beyond me. But that is forgotten when you actually state, in print, that Pittsburgh can win in the Century Division over Cleveland and St. Louis.

Your attitude toward the AFL is made even more obvious by your ridiculous charts. You give Kansas City, which no longer has Mike Mercer, a four in kicking while giving Boston, with Gino Cappelletti, a two. Then you knock the New York Jets and the AFL, in that order, as you progress into the Eastern Division. How does *SI* rate Joe Namath? As a one-and-a-half-legged quarterback whose presence doesn't make much difference! The Jet front four is one of the best in the league. Just ask Ron Mix, Jim Otto or anybody else unlucky enough to play against them.

THOMAS HILTON

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I was outraged and rather surprised when I saw Atlanta's supposed future ratings in your fine magazine. The Falcons almost defeated the Colts in their first game on Sunday the 17th. I suggest you watch Atlanta this year because they will be anywhere but last.

RANDY CARYER

Atlanta

Sirs:

I was happy to read your glowing report about the Los Angeles Rams (*Rams' Year in Coastal*, Sept. 18). If your ratings hold true throughout all four NFL divisions, then it seems the Rams haven't too much to worry about.

BILL HACKSTOCK

Springfield, Mass.

TOUCHDOWN

Sirs:

George Packard's story about "touch" football (*It Was Only a Game of Touch*, Sept. 18) was hilarious! It was also too funny to be fiction.

Stick it to 'em, Howie, Fitzzy, Ham and Doc!

RUSS KLOBAS

Albany, Calif.

Sirs:

George Packard's reference to North Paterson, N.J. as a more likely place than Princeton to find such legendary characters as Tree, Ham and Buffalo is a credit to the residents of that mythical town. At one time there actually was a North Paterson. It is now known as Hawthorne, N.J. However, the older natives still often refer to this geographical location as North Paterson and, therefore, George's mythical site still does

exist. As a Hawthorneite I welcome George to our community.

JAMES OAKES

Hawthorne, N.J.

Sirs:

Thank you for George Packard's article about the Harrison Street Athletic Club. It's good to have "memories" of Buffalo and Fitzzy to carry through the winter, while waiting for summer "tryouts" to begin.

RICK VONACKA

Middlebury, Vt.

UNPATRIOTIC

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake's article, *For Babe, a Week to Forget* (Sept. 18), was a sympathetic piece of writing, especially at this moment in the doleful affairs of the Boston Patriots. The idiot phone calls to Babe Parilli's wife and all that inhuman jazz were enough to make anyone sympathetic. But the whole thing soured at the end—for me, at least—when, after another early-season Patriot defeat, Mr. Shrake described the Boston locker room as being "as gale as a polo word." Where was the copy editor at that point, I want to know, and where was Mr. Shrake's sense of decency? The fact is that there is more plain gutsy fortitude in a polo word than there has lately been in Patriot locker rooms.

THOMAS P. McDONNELL

Boston

BEASTLY THOUGHTS

Sirs:

With Chevrolet as the sponsor, Southern Methodist's Mustangs were referred to as the Ponies throughout the SMU-Texas A&M football telecast. The possible repercussions stagger the imagination. We can see it now: the many Wildcats (such as Northwestern and Kentucky) will be banned from the tube unless Buick is a sponsor. And if the Ford Motor Company is the sponsor, only names such as Falcons (Air Force), Mustangs (SMU) and Cougars (Houston) will be permitted over the airwaves.

THOMAS D. LEVY

PETER E. FRIDMAN

Arlington, Va.

POLLS APART

Sirs:

Congratulations on an exceptional college football issue for 1967 (Sept. 11). Dan Jenkins' story about the fight for No. 1 (*This Year the Fight Will Be in the Open*) was stimulating. However, Dan need have no fear about the National Football Foundation and Awards Committee bowing to pressure regarding MacArthur Bowl records.

continued

If you want to STOP SMOKING



Here's
How!

by Y. A. Tittle

Y. A. Tittle is a former great NFL quarterback, now a successful insurance executive and head-field coach for the San Francisco Forty-Niners.

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KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL

19TH HOLE continued

To-date, the bowl has gone to championship-caliber teams on the East Coast, in the Midwest, South, Southwest and Far West. The Hall of Fame dinner, traditionally a sellout, features the new Hall of Famers, the National Football Foundation Scholars-Athletes of the Year, the gold-medal winner, as well as the MacArthur Bowl recipient. The MacArthur Bowl winner is not selected until the results of the last big weekend of the season are in. By then, the dinner is already assured of a capacity crowd. What is more, the Hall of Fame Awards Committee includes men who have played, coached and written about the game during the past 50 years. Otherwise, Dan has 900 on his fine presentation roundup.

JIMMIE McDOWELL
National Football Foundation
and Hall of Fame

New Brunswick, NJ

Sirs:

It takes a special kind of person to single out two teams from the past and say they were not worthy of national championships. No one was more deserving of a No. 1 ranking in 1958 than Iowa. The Hawkeyes man-handled all but Ohio State in what was then the toughest conference in the U.S., the Big Ten. They had an All-America quarterback and a halfback who averaged nearly two touchdowns per game. They also had peerless Forest Evashevski for coach.

From that team and the preceding one these outstanding pros were developed: Alex Karras, Jim Gibbons, Willie Fleming, Bob Jeter and Carl Merz. The 1958 Iowa team also rolled up an impressive score in the Rose Bowl. Remember, Dan?

PHY. WILLIAM FELLOWS, USA

Fort Benning, Ga.

Sirs:

Yea! The college football polls do mean something. I am still upset by the 1960 final ratings. My alma mater, the University of Missouri, technically finished 11-0 (a loss to Kansas was later reversed by a forfeit), but no one picked Missouri as national champion. In fact, the best the Tigers could do was rank No. 4 in the final UPI tabulation.

Let's face it, it's only human nature to feel a great deal of pride and accomplishment when a group of knowledgeable people pick you as the best in your field. Ask those who have been picked or been close.

ROY JACKSON

Kansas City, Kans.

Sirs:

There is no doubt now that the polls are everything in college football. However, I think that if the polls are so important they should be completely free of prejudice in any shape or form. I suggest that the coaches and the NCAA get together in the near future and draw up some kind of elimination tour-

namment. This has been suggested by several of the top coaches, and it would solve many problems and close many mouths. It will also eliminate all the politics and prejudice that are involved with the current system, and settle once and for all who is really No. 1!

LEE D. STEVENS JR.

Portage, Mich.

POVERTY PROGRAM

Sirs:

We at the University of Kansas may have been accused of a number of things over the years, but this is the first time we've been shunted into the poorhouse (*Outlook on the Conference*, Sept. 11).

How can you call us residents of the poorhouse when we have the largest endowment and alumni support of any school in the Big Eight conference and a library that contains 1,250,000 volumes?

Or were you speaking merely athletically?

If so, our facilities rank most favorably among our associates: a football stadium that seats 51,500 and a 17,000-seat field house that is the second largest college-owned plant in the nation.

Last year we led the nation in home basketball attendance, with 13,208 per game, and, even with a losing football season, averaged 35,614 paid admissions for home games.

This poorhouse talk is a far cry from the way some of our rivals were referring to us a few years ago after Walt Chamberlain decided to come to Kansas to play basketball and Gale Sayers showed up for football.

JAY SIMON

Lawrence, Kans.

KING OF THE SEA

Sirs:

In your September 11 *PHOTO* section you refer to King Constantine of Greece as being protected to the point of distraction while sailing in the Dragon Class world championships in Toronto. Certainly there was protection for King Constantine and Queen Anne Marie when they were on shore but, while racing, neither the King's yacht nor the 70-odd other competitors in the world championship and the John Foster Dulles Trophy were in any way bothered by police patrol boats or overenthusiastic spectators.

Incidentally, for a man who hadn't sailed his boat for more than a year, I would say that His Majesty did very well. Sailing in a fleet of 35 top-notch Dragons in a seven-race series for the world championship, he finished 11th, coming on strong toward the end. He had two thirds in the last two races, and was nudged out of second place in the last race by a matter of two feet.

R. D. GRANT
Commodore, Royal Canadian
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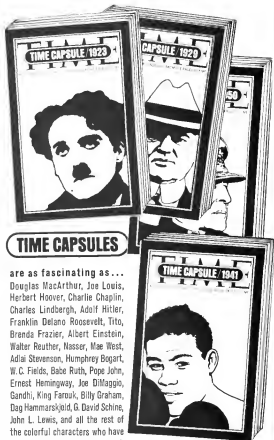
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